THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 72. PUBLICATION OFFICE, NO. 720 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 10

ALONE AMONG THE SHADOWS.

BY F. S.

I'm alone among the shadows,
And I'm waiting for the light
To chase away the visions
Of the dreary, weary night.
Like a sightless child deserted
My uncertain way I grope—
I'm alone among the shadows,
But my soul is full of hope.

I'm alone among the shadows;
But I hear a sweet voice say,
"You would not prize the daylight
If it were always day."
And so I'll strive in earnest
To keep from error free,
And He who strengtheneth the weak
Will surely comfort me.

The Love That Lives.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER FATHER'S SIN," "A CAPITAL CHARGE," "ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"OF COURSE she did not do it. But, oh, how horrible it all is!" cries Una, breaking into a passion of tears, and hiding her face against her husband's shoulder.

Lord Zillwood and his wife, with Mr. Jaxon, Norman, and the lawyer, hastily summoned from London, are alone in one of the private sitting-rooms of the hotel. The inquest ended but ten minutes ago.

"Of course she did not do it," echoes Norman. "But we have to prove her innocence to the world."

Mr. Clarke, the lawyer, shakes his head.

"You will find that no easy task," he says quietly.

At this the detective rises up.

"I claim the task as mine!" he exclaims. Then, with a glance at the others, he proceeds, "You know that I told you to day of my change of fortune. I shall at once retire from the Police Force; and from the day of my retirement forward I shall not rest until Easter's good name is restored to her."

Una holds out her trembling hands to him as an assurance of confidence, while Mr. Jaxon brushes a tear from his cheek; Caryl and the lawyer make no answer whatever.

"Oh, Caryl," cries Una, noticing the shadow on her husband's face, "don't tell me that you too doubt her! Don't allow, even for a moment, that my darling can have acted so!"

With his eyes full of a great pity, her husband bends over her.

"Not unless she went mad first," he whispers.

There is one impediment however to Norman's immediate retirement from the Police Force which he has for the moment, in his strong agitation, forgotten, and that is the still unsolved mystery of Oldcourt. With the suspected murderess in England, under his own eye, although her whereabouts have not yet been made known to his colleagues, with fresh evidence producible which may involve either the lost Miss Dean or the dead Sir Auriol in the affair, the detective cannot resign his post.

Clearly enough his first task must be to look closely after Mary Smith, who is now being watched by some one upon whom he can rely. To arrest her—for she is at any moment liable to be arrested upon the coroner's verdict—would obviously be the most simple course; but to play such a trick upon a woman who has trusted him so thoroughly as to return to England upon his suggestion, is repugnant to all the instincts of the man's nature; besides, the present position of the case is such that the arrest of the girl now might defeat the ends of justice. It must therefore, at any rate, be deferred. Yet what is to be done?

"I wish I could see my way in the matter," he says to Lady Zillwood, a day or two later, when they are again at Scotton Castle.

"Thank you for telling me of your difficulties," Una answers. "I wonder if it would be great presumption on my part to help a detective in his own field?"

"If you only would?"—with a weary hopeless sigh.

"Then tell me truly—Do you in your secret soul believe this servant-girl innocent or guilty?"

"Innocent"—without a moment's hesitation. "No one, however hardened in crime, could have played such a part as hers has been of late without betraying herself, had it been otherwise."

"And, as I understand, you want to keep her under your own observation without allowing her to be arrested, at least until further evidence of some sort is forthcoming? Dare you trust her word?"

"I think so. I believe so"—with earnest impressiveness.

"Then send her to me; I can easily find her a place in my household for the present. Make her give you her parole"—with a little laugh—"and rely upon that. Would my plan suit you? Then, you see, you will be able to search for Miss Dean while you are trying your best to find our Easter."

And so it is settled. Five days later Mary Smith is dusting Lady Zillwood's boudoir, happy in her new surroundings, while Norman Fergusson has returned to Folkestone to endeavor to solve the mystery of Sir Auriol Rainton's death.

In the dapper young soldier who calls himself Captain Ronalds, and sports his regimentals on every possible occasion, it is scarcely probable that any one will recognize the anxious-eyed detective who was inquiring so eagerly only a short time ago into the details of Lady Rainton's disappearance and of her bridegroom's strange death. In his disguise Norman Fergusson hopes to gain information which otherwise might not be obtainable.

Yet days go by, and still Lady Rainton is not found; still also are the revenues and honors that belong to the head of the Fergusson family left untouched and unconsidered.

"They are nothing—can be nothing—to me while my love is a wanderer over the face of the earth," their owner declares, whenever a remonstrance reaches him from one or another of his friends.

"But suppose that she is not a wanderer?" Lord Zillwood urges one day. "Suppose that, in the fit of mania in which she destroyed her husband, she made away with herself also?"

Norman turns upon his friend with a face that is almost white.

"Zillwood, had any man but you breathed such a suspicion I would have knocked him down," he says. "My darling is innocent; and she is alive too. Don't ask me how I know it. I am sure of it, and that is enough for me!"

For some time the detective has been in possession of a clue of which he has told no one; and this fact perhaps, accounts for his confidence.

It is about a fortnight after Sir Auriol's body has been laid in the grave that Norman, sitting late in the evening over his bed-room fire, is seized by a sudden restlessness. Opening the door which has been already locked for the night, he descends aimlessly to the hall; there the first object to catch his eye is the desk upon which is the large volume common to all hotels—the visitors' book. Idly enough he begins to turn over its pages, pausing at last at the one bearing the date of January 1st.

Carefully he reads—as he has already read many times—the name of each person staying at the hotel on the night of the murder. Then, tiring of that occupation, which has none of the charm of novelty, he proceeds to light a cigar, glancing carelessly round him as he does so. The place is in semi-darkness, for it is on the stroke of midnight; in ten minutes the night-porter will be on duty. Norman thinks he may as well wait and have a chat with him.

As he comes to this decision he notices a girl standing at the top of the principal staircase; she is a chambermaid, as her dress and cap show. As Norman turns away he fancies that she holds up her finger and beckons to him slightly. However he moves off to a seat and resigns himself to the soothing influences of his cigar.

Twenty minutes later, his conversation with the porter having ended without any addition to his information, he is on his way back to his own apartment, when the chambermaid whom he saw at the top of the staircase comes out of one of the rooms. Norman now sees that she is a woman of about forty, with a hard mouth and a cruel look in her cold eyes. She lays a hand upon his sleeve.

"I have something to tell you which may interest you, sir," she says. "I've been waiting for the last day or two to attract your attention. When can I speak to you alone?"

It is a strange request. But something in the woman's manner impresses the detective.

"What is it all about?" he says, laughing to conceal his surprise. "Why not let us have it out at once?"

The chambermaid shakes her head with decision.

"No, sir! That would not suit my book at all. But I will meet you by one of those seats—say the top one—on the side of the cliff, where the steps lead down from the Esplanade to the beach, at any hour you name to-morrow. Would seven o'clock in the evening suit you? It will be dark by then."

She speaks rapidly, glancing round as though fearful of interruption. Norman still hesitates; he has no fancy to be drawn into an undesirable and undesired flirtation, which, in spite of her unattractiveness, may be all at which his companion aims. However the next moment she puts that doubt, at least, to rest.

"I know you, in spite of your disguise," she whispers. "You were here at the inquest, and my tale has to do with that. Now will you come?"

The evening of the next day is cold and snowy; yet Norman feels no discomfort as he stands in the shadow of the cliff listening to the unfolding of a tale which may be of vital importance to himself and Easter.

"You understand, then," the woman, who at present wears a thick veil and a long fur-lined cloak, is saying, "that I myself went into Lady Rainton's room at half-past eleven on the night of the murder. I wanted to see the pretty bride of whom all the servants were gossiping, and, knowing of the sleeping draught, reckoned on finding her in a sound slumber. But the room was empty. Of course I gave no alarm; how could I, when I ought never to have made the discovery? Besides, what business was it of mine whether she went or stayed?"

Norman simply nods; but there is a look of profound disgust on his face.

"She might easily have slipped out of the house unobserved," the woman proceeds, "if she went before the doors were closed for the night, and wore a plain dress like the gray cashmere which her maid says she took. That came out at the inquest, you remember? She could indeed have escaped more easily than she could have remained hidden from half-past eleven until six o'clock the next morning; for, though plenty of the rooms were empty, I, as head chamber-maid, keep the keys, and every apartment not occupied is invariably locked."

"And now you will perhaps inform me why you suppressed all this evidence at the time of the inquest?" the detective says, after a pause.

"Because I did not choose! Because the same cleverness—I don't underrate my gifts, you notice—that helped me to recognise you for all your wig, and 'haw, haw' fine manners, helped me to hold my tongue until I was ready to speak. And, now that I've given you a taste of the information I hold, what do you offer for the rest?"

The woman's cunning and greed exasperate Norman almost beyond control. He could take her by the shoulders and shake her; but, for Easter's sake, and because, wretch as she is, his informant is a woman, he restrains himself.

"I will make no terms with you," he replies. "You have already stated that you recognize me. If you do not lie in saying so, you are aware that I have the power, should you refuse to impart the information which you possess, to have you arrested on a criminal charge. Speak the truth and you shall not repent it—so much I can promise. Hide the smallest detail, and, if there be law and justice in England you shall smart for it."

For the first time Barbara Barker hesitates. She has walked open-eyed, and of her own free will, into a net; but she has cleverness enough to see when she is beaten.

"I will trust your liberality," she replies, coolly. "You shall have all the help I can give. Afterwards I shall look for my reward."

If she has hoped by this display of confidence to loosen Norman's tongue she is disappointed, for he makes no reply.

"Now listen," the woman goes on. "You are a detective. You are also a wealthy Baronet—oh, I know!"—with a laugh at his exclamation of surprise. "I don't go through this world with my eyes shut. As I say, you are detective and Baronet, therefore supposed to be wise and rich; but I know that which, with all your wisdom and money, you could not discover without me. There was another woman, who came to the hotel about three hours after the arrival of Sir Auriol and his wife, and who disappeared quite as mysteriously as Lady Rainton."

Norman turns upon the woman and seizes her by the wrist, as though afraid that she may escape him.

"Describe her," he commands briefly.

"She was lame and ugly, with one side of her face a good deal swollen. She wore blue spectacles, and had lost her front teeth—altogether a plain, almost hideous person."

"And she too disappeared? You are sure of your facts?"—his voice hoarse from excitement.

"Yes. The matter has not been mentioned to you before, because, in the bustle of the inquest, the manager and everybody else somehow forgot all about this

visitor and afterwards did not care to confess the oversight. You have never therefore even heard her name, for she did not write it in the visitors' book. Still, she was in the house on the Tuesday night—that I can swear. And I saw her go into Sir Auriol Rainton's bed-room at half-past three in the morning."

"What!" exclaims Norman, with a violent start.

The woman shakes his hand from her wrist.

"If you have a fancy to plunge over the edge there, I don't care to accompany you," she says, with a shrill laugh. "As you did not hear——"

"Hear! Of course I heard!" he exclaims. "Now tell me! Did you see this woman leave Sir Auriol's room?"

"No. The 3:15 train brought somebody to the hotel, and I had to clear out of the way to avoid being caught. Like a fool, I went and lay down upon my bed, meaning to get up in ten minutes, when all would be quiet again. And, like a fool"—savagely—"after taking the trouble to watch all night for what might happen,—for I own that I thought Lady Rainton's absence mysterious—I went to sleep exactly at the wrong time. I never woke until my alarum ran down at six o'clock."

"And now what was the lady's name?"

"Well, she gave it at the office as 'Brown'—'Miss Brown'; but I chanced to catch sight of a letter that she pulled from her pocket with her handkerchief. She made a dash at it as it fell; it dropped at my feet, and picked it up. And I saw that the address on the envelope was not 'Miss Brown' but 'Miss Dean, Oldcourt Hall.'"

So Norman Fergusson learns that his first, almost groundless suspicion of Miss Richardson's companion was awakened by some unreasoning but unfailing instinct. So he becomes convinced that Easter fled long before her husband's death, is still alive, and may yet be found, to gladden his eyes and bless his life!

But who and what and where is that will-o'-the wisp Miss Dean, who has twice, like a pantomime fairy, changed from a shabby-clad cripple to an exquisitely-dressed beauty, and then vanished? For that it was she who covered her retreat by giving her name to the porter as "Lady Rainton," the detective does not for one moment doubt.

And Easter herself—how did she, with her timidity and inexperience, escape unseen, and where is she hiding so successfully her pretty, defenceless head?

CHAPTER XIV.

IT IS Charlie who at last suggests an answer to one of the questions that Norman asked himself after hearing the chambermaid's story.

"If any one would but offer an idea as to where she may be looked for! I am at my wits' end," says the perplexed detective one day at Scotton Castle.

Charlie looks up with a start, as though about to speak; then she stops herself with an effort.

Norman glances at her.

"If you have a notion, never mind how absurd it seems, just tell me," he says imploringly. "You, her sister, must know her ways better than most people. Have you thought of any place to which she would be likely to go?"

Charlie begins to pull off her gloves, her eyes cast down all the time.

"No!" she blurts out at last. "It's too foolish. And you'll be angry if I suggest it. And yet——"

Norman, as is his habit, is growing excited. He rises, and stands facing the girl.

"For Heaven's sake let us have it!" he exclaims. "This is no child's play. At least say what it is that you mean."

Charlie shrugs her shoulders.

"If you will have it, you must," she answers, unwilling still. "Has it never occurred to you that Easter may have taken an engagement at one of the theatres? She loved dancing, and did it beautifully; she could learn any step in a few minutes. And girls do such things sometimes when they want money—at least I have read so."

Norman stares at the girl, his face pale and working.

Una however is rather indignant.

"She would not have needed money," she says. "Her traveling bag, you know, went with her; and I myself had put into it the notes that father gave her. They would be sufficient for a while, at any rate."

"Yes," Charlie admits doubtfully. Then, with a change of tone, she says, "Oh, yes, of course you are right! I said that the idea was ridiculous from the first—didn't I?"

Norman does not speak, but looks as though he had found a gleam of light where before was nothing but darkness.

"I hope you didn't tell Lilith that Norman," Una begins, after a pause, when the door opens again.

"Mrs. Jaxon!" the butler announces.

"I think you have met Sir Norman Fergusson," Lady Zillwood says, after greeting Lilith.

Mrs. Jaxon starts a little, and turns to the detective, who happens to be standing just behind her.

"I did not know that you were expected down to-day," she says coldly, for once, and purely by accident, speaking the truth. "How do you do? I have never had an opportunity yet of congratulating you upon your succession."

There is something in her manner or her face that strikes Norman as odd. There was no nervousness about her a moment ago; yet now her breathing is quick and heavy, and the hands he is holding shakes. Is it the sight of him that has thus affected her? Of what or of whom does she remind him too? Something about her strikes him as being quite oddly familiar.

"Thank you," he replies quietly. "But I must ask all my friends to reserve their pretty speeches for a time still. When I can return your step-daughter to her father's keeping, Mrs. Jaxon, then congratulate me—not before!"

Whatever may have caused the emotion that was agitating Lilith, she has overcome it now. She sinks into a low arm-chair and raises her carefully-tinted face.

"Do you think that that will be matter for felicitation then?" she says dubiously.

"My dear Lilith!" cries Lady Zillwood, who long since has been favored with Mrs. Jaxon's view upon the subject, and dreads what may follow.

With a wave of her well-gloved hand however the step-mother continues—

"After the coroner's verdict, and with the small chance that I understand you have of clearing that unfortunate girl from the charges brought against her, surely it would be best for her family and herself to allow her to remain as she is now, in safe obscurity. You see I speak plainly, Sir Norman. You must pardon me if I offend you."

Una has flushed up to the eyes, and seems on the point of bursting into tears; Charlie clenches her hands tightly, as is her custom when much moved. But it is Norman to whom the remark has been addressed; and it is he who replies.

"Mrs. Jaxon," he says sternly, "have you any personal objection to the truth coming out?"

It is a stray shot; but it goes home. Were it not for the artistically-applied rouge, Lilith's cheeks would be deathly pale, as she sits staring, with wide-open eyes, at the detective.

"I?" she stammers at last. "I have no objection?" Then, with a forced laugh—"You are not in earnest, Sir Norman, or I should take your question as an insult. As it is, I prefer to consider it as a bad joke, and as such I excuse it."

She glances sternly at him and turns away. A faint glimmer of the truth dawns upon Norman—truth so strange and unexpected that its sudden revelation absolutely staggers him. For a moment the pretty drawing-room and the chattering group around the fire disappear from his sight, and he sees a shabby hotel sitting-room, furnished with uninviting horsehair-covered chairs and couch. Seated at opposite sides of the centre table are two persons, one himself, the other a dingily-clothed deformed woman, wearing blue spectacles, through which the eyes are flashing an indignant fire; he wondered at that fire once; he does not wonder now.

When he comes to himself sufficiently to realize what is passing, he finds that tea is being prepared. As he creeps almost stealthily away, no one notices him or guesses what the next half-hour may have in store.

But, when, about twenty minutes later, Mrs. Jaxon, accompanied by her step-daughter, crosses the hall, it is not by chance that a tall good-looking woman, wearing the crimson uniform of an indoor servant and a jaunty cap, is standing just inside the library door, close to which the company must pass. Nor is it from any want of good manners that the girl's gaze is fixed on Mrs. Jaxon's animated countenance and bright hair, so that she never even notices her mistress's expression of surprise and annoyance upon observing her at a spot where no maid-servant is allowed at this hour of the day.

But Lilith, talking loudly, is for the moment demanding all attention; Mary Smith's misdemeanor passes unreproved.

"Come and see my new chestnuts, Una—such beauties, and more rampagious than any I have had before! Dawson tells me that the sight of a traction-engine sends them crazy! What do you think of them?"

The beautiful animals are pawing up the gravel opposite the door, impatient to be off. Una looks at them with unenvious admiration.

"I would rather that you had them than I," she declares. "Your horses will be the death of you some day, I'm certain. What made you choose such fiery brutes?"

The elder lady laughs, as she enters the carriage.

"It's my fad, I suppose. I love to bowl along like the wind! Steady-going stagers like yours would not suit my taste at all, my dear. Adieu!"

Then the Rockleigh party is off, and the Countess turns from the door towards Norman, who is evidently waiting to speak to her.

"Your protegee is by no means perfect," she says, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking up with a smile into his rather gloomy face. "Did you notice—— Why, there she is still! The girl looks half dazed too. What can be the matter?"

Norman makes no reply, but leads Una into the library and closes the door behind them both. Then he turns to Mary Smith.

"Well?"

"Mr. Fergusson, sir, it was Miss Dean! At least it was the lady that went back from the Solway to Liverpool out of Miss Dean's cabin. I should know her anywhere!"

For a moment Una is bewildered, but, as half the truth flashes upon her, her face turns deathly pale, and her whole frame quivers.

"Miss Dean? Who is Miss Dean? What does she mean?" she cries, clinging closer to Norman's brotherly arm to keep herself from falling.

"Mary," he says to the servant, "I can trust you not to mention this at present to any one? Then you may go. And now, Una"—as his witness disappears—"you shall know all, if you will be brave for Easter's sake. Can you?"

"I will try"—very gravely.

"It is a terrible story for you to hear," he says, "and yet it must be told sooner or later. Mrs. Jaxon is the person to whom she refers; and that she is correct I have no doubt, for I myself recognized her first. Now we shall be able to clear Easter at last."

If it is all plain enough to Norman, it is not so to the Countess, who has never heard Barbara Barker's tale.

"I don't see how?" she says. "It was the Oldcourt murder with which Miss Dean was mixed up—wasn't it? What has that to do with Easter? And, oh, don't hint such horrible things! It would kill my father to find Lilith out in any sin."

A cloud darkens the detective's face.

"I understand that; yet what am I to do?" And then he gives her a very brief outline of the story, supplying all the missing links. "It was Miss Dean who poisoned Miss Richardson; it was Miss Dean who killed Sir Auriol Rainton; and both Mary Smith and I are able to identify Miss Dean with Mrs. Jaxon," he winds up.

Una is faint from the shock; all the world seems to reel before her eyes.

"But why? If ever woman loved any one, Lilith loved Sir Auriol," she urges, in her simplicity.

"And therefore, because he slighted her, she murdered him, throwing, as her best and fullest revenge, the burden of that awful suspicion upon my poor love!"

Una clasps her hands in anguish.

"It is impossible!" she exclaims, with pale lips. "No such wretch could live!"

"It is true," Norman returns. "Truth is strange—far, far stranger than fiction! But until Easter is found it will be necessary that we—you and I—should keep our secret. It will not be for long; I have a notion where to look for her at last."

CHAPTER XV.

"I CANNOT meet Lilith again as though nothing had occurred," Una declares, after, at her earnest request, they have taken Caryl into their counsels.

"Then you must not meet her at all," Norman replies quickly. "I have scarcely sufficient proof against her yet; and it would never do to alarm her before the case is thoroughly worked up."

"True! Yet suppose that, while you wait, she does more harm—poisons some one else for instance," the Countess urges, with a shiver.

"I will see to that," he responds. "But, if you really fear to trust your self-control, Lady Zillwood, in her presence, why not go to London for a month?"

"Why, of course! Thanks for suggesting it, old fellow! After all this worry a change will do her good; I shall take her to-morrow," the Earl decides. "A most excellent notion—eh, darling?"

"And you shall help me," the detective promises, as an additional attraction to the scheme. "Charlie's idea is a good one, though you did not think so at first. Every theatre that has a ballet or a comic opera on at present must be visited; you can do that work as well as I."

"I would do anything—anything to find Easter!" Una exclaims, with a sigh.

It is to Norman himself however that, about a fortnight later, the delight of discovery ultimately falls.

He has strolled one evening after dinner into a theatre where a new piece is being produced, for which great preparations have been made and in which many pretty girls are certain to appear. He wonders half despairingly whether amongst them his Easter may at last be found. Already he has visited so many places of amusement, searching for the sweet familiar face, but always fruitlessly. Will to-night give the reward for which he has labored so long and so hard?

The play is already half over when he enters the building; the brilliant stage is crowded with gaily-dressed figures. To him, coming straight from the darkness of the streets, the dazzle is confusing, and then, before his eyes have become accustomed to the glare, the music ceases, the graceful groups vanish, for the moment his opportunity is over.

It is not until an hour later that the ballet reappears. Slowly the dance proceeds; slowly one graceful pair succeeds another in the front of the stage, then retires.

"She is not there," Norman tells himself, with a sigh, half of disappointment and half of relief, as the last couple advance to the footlights, to go through their pretty task before they also retire.

At that moment half a dozen girls come suddenly from the wings, throwing aloft bouquets of flowers, which falling, break in a soft shower upon their heads and necks and upturned faces. They were wearing, fastened to their shoulders, gauzy wings, which flutter with every breath, giving an indescribable airiness to the scene. And in the second of that fairy band, with smiling rosy lips and long cloud-like floating hair, Norman recognizes Easter, Lady Rainton.

"My Easter! Oh, my darling!" he murmurs, in an undertone, while a mist seems to come before his eyes and obscure his vision. "That treachery should have brought you to this!"

He waits till she disappears, then makes his way from the house. He knows the door by which the ladies of the ballet must leave the theatre; he will offer his greeting there.

It is not long before the piece concludes; then, shortly afterwards, with loud laughter, out into the darkness troop the girls. They come in groups of three or four; in pairs, with arms round each other's waists; or—but that is seldom the case—silent and alone. It is among these companionless, perhaps mournful women, that Norman looks for Easter.

She appears by-and-by, almost the last of all. Her thick veil is down, and her dress worn and shabby; yet Norman knows her in a moment, and takes a step forward, as though to meet her. Then the thought occurs to him that, in the darkness, she will not recognize him; he will but frighten her, timid creature that she is, if he addresses her now. It will be better to follow her home.

He keeps as close behind her as he can without making his presence felt. This is not the hour for the woman to walk unprotected through the streets of London; he is thankful that he has come in time to guard her to-night, and wonders if she has ever taken that walk alone before.

Suddenly Easter turns out of the street which they have been traversing into a narrower one. For a moment Norman loses sight of her, and at that moment a man springs from a doorway and seizes her by the arm.

"I have you at last, then, my lovely one! No, it's no good to struggle now," says the man, whose voice is rough and unsteady from drink. "You'll——"

"Stand back, sir. This lady is in my charge."

The man looks up innocently into the face of the detective.

"My dear fellow, you take so little care of so precious a treasure"—with a tipsy

laugh. "Besides, I don't believe you! Come, Easter——"

He gets no further. With one hand Norman takes him by the collar and flings him into the road, while with the other hand he supports the terrified girl.

"My darling, my little love! Don't be frightened any more, dear! You know me, don't you?" he whispers to her, leading her gently on, while her assailant gathers himself up with a volley of abusive words. "Come, sweet one, take me to your home."

The fright and the intense joy of hearing Norman's voice have however been almost too much for her. She manages to put a latch-key into his hand, and, pointing to the door in front of which they are now standing, to murmur "Here;" then the increasing weight upon Norman's arm warns him of the truth. She is fainting.

Taking her in his strong clasp, he mounts the steps, and unable to find the lock in the darkness, rings loudly once, twice.

There is no answer, no light at any window, not a movement in the house. He knocks again; and still there is no answer.

Easter is utterly unconscious by this time. What can be done? With a feeling of despair Norman glances round, seeking for inspiration.

At the moment a hansom cab comes slowly into view. Norman hails the vehicle, and, carrying Easter, whose head lies passively upon his breast, he climbs into it.

"Grosvenor Crescent," he calls to the driver, who looks down inquisitively from his perch—"and fast! The lady has fainted."

In spite of the chill night air that blows in upon her face, Easter, does not revive until Una's arms are round her and Una's kisses on her cheeks. Then, at last, she opens her eyes.

"Where am I?" she says, moving her head wearily upon the cushions, away from the light. "Mrs. Black, is that you?"

"Easter! My little Easter!"

It is her sister's voice: she recognizes it now; and, with a shriek, half of delight and half of fear, she tries to sit up.

"Oh, how came I here? Let me go! You think me a murderer, like all the rest of the world! Una, how can you kiss me so? And why are you crying?" For Lady Zillwood's tears are dropping fast upon the fair face, which looks weary and wan.

"My darling, we think you nothing but what you are, a poor, wronged, injured girl! Oh, Easter, say you are glad to be with me again!"

"Glad!"

The single syllable is enough. Without another word Easter nestles to that tender bosom like a tired child.

For fully five minutes there is silence in the room. The Countess is just beginning to wonder if Easter has gone to sleep, when the girl moves.

"Una," she whispers, "are we quite alone? I fancied"—a hot flush spreading over the soft cheek, which is all of her face that is left unconcealed—"that Norman was with me a little time ago. But I know he would hate me, now that I have been married. So I must have been mistaken—must I not?"

Then, before she is aware, other arms than Una's are about her, another hand is smoothing back the heavy hair from her forehead, another voice is whispering sweet assurances into her ear.

"As though I could ever hate you, my darling, my silly little love! But, Easter, how came you to believe such falsehoods of me? My faith has been stronger than yours! How could you doubt that I should return for my darling, whenever she would have me?"

"And you don't think that I killed Sir Auriol? You trust me still? Oh, Norman, yours is the love that lives!" she cries, and her lips are pressed to his.

It is not until the next day, when some of the brightness has come back to Easter's eyes and the old ring to Norman's voice, that any more questions are asked or explanations given; but, at last, when the breakfast is over, the whole party adjourn to the boudoir, there to discuss events at their leisure.

"It is absolutely necessary that I should know every detail that she can give at once. I don't want to frighten either her or Lady Zillwood; but it is a fact that Easter might be arrested at any moment," the detective explains to the Earl privately.

"I've been pondering on that all night," the Earl replies. "But surely nobody——"

"There are the servants, who understand all about it; and, even if you can absolutely depend upon their silence, there is that man whom I flung into the road last night. He certainly recognized her, for I am sure he called her 'Easter.' As to whether he tracked us here, or is base enough to desire revenge, I cannot, of course, say."

Lord Zillwood looks anxious.

"As you say, there isn't a minute to lose!" he replies; "and there must be a great deal to tell."

Such however is not the case, for Easter's story proves to be very short.

"Indeed, I scarcely know what there is for you to hear all," she says, with a pretty smile, as she lies upon Una's blue-velvet couch, and holds Norman's fingers as though to gain courage from the contact. "I never went to sleep that night at Folkestone; as soon as ever Susan left me I got up and dressed. I had found out there was a train to London at about ten o'clock, and I thought that I might catch it. I had planned to do it during the journey down; that was why I pretended to faint the second time. The first, in the carriage, was real enough, you know. But perhaps you did not hear of that?"

Una shakes her head.

"Pretended? You little deceiver!"

Easter blushes.

"Was it very wrong? I did not see—how how I could—could escape otherwise," she stammers. "I understand that, if I once got to London, I might stay at some hotel and go home the next day; and I could think about nothing but doing that. I did not want to see Sir Auriol again after the wicked trick he played me in keeping back your letter, Norman, and so making me marry him."

Norman and the Countess exchange glances; this mistaken idea then was the first cause of Easter's disappearance. By-and-by the Baronet's memory must be cleared from the stain; but they will not interrupt Easter's story at present.

"I took my traveling-bag with me, and put my purse into my pocket. It had only a few sovereigns in it; but I remembered that father's bank-notes were in the bag, so I made sure that I should have heaps of money."

"That was always a comfort to me," says Una, at which observation Easter laughs.

"It would have been more to me if I hadn't lost it," she replies. "But either I left the bag in the train or some one walked off with it while I was asleep. Any way, by the time that I got to the hotel it had disappeared."

Lady Zillwood groans.

"I'm glad I didn't guess that," she says. "What on earth did you do?"

"The first thing was that I slept until nearly noon the next day; have never been so awfully tired in my life! By that laziness I missed the morning train to Rockleigh; and, before it was time to catch the next one, I had seen in the first edition of the Globe an account of poor Sir Auriol's death and of the suspicions that attached to me."

"Poor darling!" exclaims Una, as Easter's voice breaks, and she stops, shuddering violently.

"It was very foolish; but I was afraid that nobody would be at home, even if I said that I did not do it. For every one, especially you, Una, knew that I never cared for him. Then I fancied that the people at the hotel stared at me and wanted to find out who I was, so I paid my bill and went away."

It is Norman's turn to shudder now, as he pictures his darling alone amidst the perils of the London streets.

"Oh, why was I made such a coward?" the girl cries suddenly. "I dare say nobody ever gave me a thought. And, even if those strangers did suspect that something was wrong, what would it have mattered if I had trusted you, who loved me? Una, forgive me!"

While she utters her sister's name her eyes appeal to the man at her side, and it is his smile that reassures and pardons the penitent.

"I wandered about, up one ugly street and down another, until I came to the road to which you followed me last night, Norman. There I saw a house with a card up—'Apartments to let' I thought that rooms there could not be very dear—surely even I could afford so much; so I went in and took them."

Only Caryl and Norman understand the perils she, in her ignorance, incurred and they do not speak. It is Una who says—

"Was the landlady a nice woman, dear?"

"Not a bad sort, but very poor. I've lodged there ever since; and, when my money was coming to an end and I asked her advice, it was she who suggested the theatre. Last night was my first appearance in public, Norman"—with the shyest of glances.

"And your last, my love," he adds. "So that is the whole history, is it? But there's one thing as to which I should like to be informed. Who was the man that spoke to you last night?"

Easter shakes her head.

"Why, how should I be able to tell? If I had known him, of course I should not have been so frightened. Oh, Norman, you are very substantial for the role, but you came like an actual angel to deliver me!"

He laughs at the compliment; but there is an uneasy look in his eyes.

"He knew you at any rate, for I heard him call you 'Easter,'" says Norman, pursuing the subject in spite of the evident fact that the girl dislikes to discuss the insult of which, in her innocence, she yet comprehends so little.

"Did you? I did not understand half he did say; and it was too dark to see his face. Oh, never mind, Norman! Let us be content to forgive and——"

There is a noise on the staircase, the sound of heavy footsteps, and the butler's voice raised in angry expostulation.

The Earl, with a glance at Norman, rushes to the door, and goes out, followed immediately by the detective.

Una has turned pale; but Easter is totally unsuspicious and unmoved. Never had she felt safer than at this moment.

"You are not looking quite so bonnie as when last I saw you," she remarks, caressing Lady Zillwood's fingers and playing with her rings. "Have you been just a trifle anxious about me, dear?"

Una however, her whole attention strained to catch what is passing outside in the corridor, scarcely hears; and Easter, glancing and reading the expression on her sister's face, grows troubled too, although she scarcely knows why.

Enlightenment however comes all too soon.

An unceremonious hands flings open the door; then Major Montgomery enters the room, with an evil smile of triumph on his fat face. He is followed by two constables. With a theatrical gesture he points to Easter, lying amongst the pretty plush pillows, and gazing at the intruders in astonishment.

"That is Lady Rainton," he says. "Do your duty."

And that night, in spite of every effort made by her friends, Easter's troubles seem to find their climax. She sobs herself to sleep on a prison pallet, dreading yet longing for the morning light, and such relief as it may bring to her dreary loneliness. Sir Auriol's young widow has been arrested at last to answer for her husband's murder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DOG WENT.—When a candidate for the Academie, De Musset went to pay the customary visit to an influential "Immortal," whose chateau was in the environs of Paris. At the moment that the poet rang at the gate, an ignoble whelp of incredible ugliness, covered with mud, rushed to meet him with joyous barks, and fawned upon him to the detriment of the poet's new pantaloons. Disgusted as De Musset was, it would have been perilous to drive off the Immortal's faithful dog, so he was compelled to let the frightful animal lick his hands, cover him with caresses and dirt, and precede him to the drawing-room. A moment later the Academician entered. De Musset noticed his embarrassment, at which he was not surprised, considering the behavior of the animal. They adjourned to the dining-room, followed by the dog, which, after giving vent to his delight by various gambols and barks, placed two muddy paws on the cloth, seized the wing of a cold chicken, and began contentedly to devour it. "That's the most abominable brute I ever heard of," thought De Musset, and continued aloud—"You are fond of dogs, I see." "Fond of dogs!" echoed the "Immortal." "I hate dogs." "But this animal here?" "I have tolerated the beast only because it is yours, sir." "Mine!" said De Musset. "I thought it was yours, which alone prevented me from killing him." The two men roared with laughter; De Musset had made a friend. The dog was speedily ejected.

HOW CELLULOID IS MADE.—The base of celluloid is common paper. By action of sulphuric and nitric acid it is changed to gun-cotton; then dried, ground, and mixed with from 30 to 40 per cent. of camphor, after which it is ground fine, colored with powder colors, cast in sheets, pressed very hard, and at last baked between sets of super-heated rollers.

Bric-a-Brac.

NOSES.—It is said that a person with a large nose, if he does not always rise in the world, seldom sinks below mediocrity; a large nose is preferable to a very small one.

THE DOG-STAR.—The brightest star in the firmament was called the dog star by the Egyptians, because it watches the rising of the Nile, and gives notice by its appearance of that important event.

IN SPAIN.—It is a mistake to imagine that all Spaniards are dark. In Spain there are certain families, the creme de la creme of the nobility, who are marked by fair or red hair. They are the descendants of the conquering Visigoths, who descended on the Iberian peninsula in the fifth century, and are proud of the fair complexion that marks their descent from the strong old northern heroes.

WATER IN VENICE.—In Venice water is something of a luxury, as the inhabitants have to depend upon the rains for its supply. There is no water-company for supplying the city. The water for drinking and domestic uses is collected in subterranean reservoirs, where it is said to be filtered. Let those believe it who can. The water is doled out at the public wells, which are open one hour daily for that purpose, and then are carefully looked up.

CALICO.—The word "calico" has a queer origin. Many centuries ago the first monarch of the province of Malabar gave to one of his chiefs, as a reward for distinguished services, his sword and all the land within the limit of which a cock crowing at a certain temple could be heard. From this circumstance the little town which grew up in the centre of this territory was called Calicoda, or the "cock crowing." Afterwards it was called Calicut, and from this place the first cotton goods were imported into England, bearing the name calico.

THE SNOWDROP.—According to an old story, the snowdrop always blooms on Candlemas Day, the second of February, this day being celebrated as that on which the Virgin took the child Jesus to the Temple and there presented her offering. Hence the snowdrop has been popularly nicknamed "Fair Maid of February." On this account, too, it was formerly held sacred to virgins; and this may explain its being generally found in orchards and gardens attached to old monastic buildings; in allusion to which Tickell says:

A flower that first in this sweet garden smiled,
To virgins sacred, and the snowdrop styled.

HARDENING STEEL.—It is said that the Swiss adopt a method of hardening the cast steel of which cutting-tools are made which is different from that practised in most other countries, but which is at the same time more efficient. The method consists in making a mixture of four parts of powdered resin, and two parts train oil, stirred together with one part of heated tallow. Into this mixture the metal to be hardened is plunged while it is at a low red-heat, and held therein until it becomes cool. Without being cleaned, the metal is again submitted to heat, and is then tempered in the ordinary manner.

AUSTRALIAN SORCERY.—Among the natives of Finke river, Australia, if one falls sick or dies they at once conclude he must have been bewitched or bitten, or hurt by the devil. At the same time they can bewitch others, the old ones and the medicine men fostering that belief. For this purpose they employ a variety of agencies as charms, including implements of wood and bone, which are thrown by the sorcerers in the direction of their enemy to make him sick or kill him, tufts of feathers of the emu and the eagle to give the wearers strength to kill their enemies, and a little implement, about six inches long, of bone or wood, worn through the septum of the nose, by means of which they also think they can hurt others.

THEIR INCENSE.—There has recently been added to the collection of folk objects in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania a package of incense, the use of which survives in the rural districts of China for the purpose of measuring time. It is called kong keung, or "clock incense;" the word kong being our familiar English word "gong," which we got from the Chinese. It is used by the watchman, whose watch at night is divided into five parts. Five of these sticks are burned during the night, and they are shortened by breaking them off in accordance with the seasons. This incense was purchased at a Chinese shop in Philadelphia, and is another curious instance of primitive survivals among these interesting people.

EVENING.

BY GRAHAM.

Dim falls the light o'er all the dreaming woods;
  Athwart the distant western sky are gleams
Of gold and amber; pearly rose-edged clouds,
  Looking so passing fair, one almost dreams.

A stillness sweet and solemn all around;
  The song of birds is hushed; there falls no quiver
Of rustling leaf, or shaken trembling reed,
  Upon the fair faint brightness of the river.

The shadows deepen on the distant hills;
  The highest peaks but touched with ling'ring light;
And down their purpling sides, soft misty clouds
  Wrap all the valleys in a dusky night.

And far away the murmur of the sea,
  And moonlit waves breaking in foamy line.
So Night—God's Angel, Night—with silvery wings,
  Falls o'er the earth with loveliness divine.

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "OWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

YORKE passed his hand across his brow and sighed heavily, and for a moment seemed as if he had finished his explanation; then he looked up, as if awaking suddenly.

"I was in that state in which a man might win pity from his worst enemy; but I had an enemy—of whose existence I was and am still ignorant—and he chose that moment to hunt me into still greater straits. I have been a fool in more senses of the word than one. I was heavily in debt. It was because of that millstone of debt that I had induced Miss Leslie to consent to a secret marriage. My enemy, whoever he was, discovered this; he bought up all my debts and liabilities, and constituting himself my sole creditor, he came down upon me with all the weight of those debts, meaning to crush me. I should have gone under never to rise again. I should have been ruined and disgraced, should have brought disgrace upon the name I bear and all connected with me. But——" He paused, and his face worked. "There was one who—who had some little regard for me, and—and she stepped in and saved me; lifted me out of the mire and set me on my feet again; saved me from the consequences of my folly, and saved the old name from shame. Gratitude is a poor word to describe what I felt towards her! I—I made the debt I owed her still heavier by asking her to take that which she had saved. And—and in the goodness of her heart she consented! From that time until now—until now!—I have been true to her in deed and intent. I have striven to forget the woman to whom I had given my heart, there at Portmaris, the woman who was all the world to me"—his voice broke—"the woman whom I lost on our wedding eve! To-day, to-day only, have I heard from the woman who separated us a full confession of the deception by which she effected her purpose. But I knew it was too late to regain my lost happiness. Too late! I never expected to see Miss Lisle again, scarcely hoped to do so, excepting that it might be once before I died, that I might say to her 'With all my faults and follies I was true to you, Leslie!'"

Leslie, standing rigid and motionless, moaned faintly.

He cast an agonized look at her.

"Then—then I came by the merest chance to this cottage. I heard her voice. I stole in, and in the joy of meeting her, and reconciliation with her, in that great joy the past was blotted out from my mind, and I forgot—I say I forgot that I was within a few hours of being wedded to another."

His voice died away, and he stood with downcast head and vacant eyes. Then he looked up.

"There is my story, sir! You say that you are a friend of—of Miss Lisle's. It is for you to demand—exact satisfaction for the wrong that I have done her. But, mind, that wrong dates only from to-day! I have loved her——" He broke down for a moment; then went on almost sternly, "What I have to do, what I can do to atone, I will do! I—I can never hope for Miss Lisle's forgiveness——"

Leslie's hands writhed together, and Lucy's arm held her still more firmly.

"I can never hope to see her again. But I will say this, in her hearing, that I would lay down my life to wipe out the past, to render her happy in the future."

Leslie's hands stole up to her face.

"For the rest," he went on, "I will tell Lady Eleanor all that I have told you. It is her due. She shall be the judge; she shall dispose of my future. I owe her much more than can be told."

He stopped, then looked up, and there was a light in his eyes which made Lucy shrink.

"One thing more. I have spoken of the way in which I was hunted down. That part of the business is a mystery still. But I am going to solve it! I am going to find Mr. Ralph Duncombe."

Lucy broke from Leslie, and with a cry of terror flung herself on Ralph's arm, and looked over her shoulder at Yorke's stern face.

Yorke stopped and started, his face grew red and then white, and he strode forward.

"What!" he cried, under his breath. "Are you——?"

Ralph Duncombe put Lucy from him gently, and came a step forward to meet him.

"Yes," he said gravely, "my name is Ralph Duncombe."

"You!" said Yorke, as if his amazement over-mastered his anger. "Do you mean that it is you who bought up my debts and hunted me down?"

"It was I!" said Ralph stolidly.

"But—but——" Yorke groaned. "Why? Why, what harm did I ever do you? Why, man, I never saw you before to-day. I never saw your name until I read it in the writs! Why? Why?" and he stood with clenched hands, the veins standing out on his forehead.

Ralph bit his lip, but he looked full into Yorke's blazing eyes.

"Why did you do it?" demanded Yorke in a low voice, which was all the more ominous for its quietude. "What was I to you that you should concern yourself in my affairs? That you should try and ruin me? It was you who drove me——" he was going to say "into a marriage with Lady Eleanor," but he stopped himself in time. "Why did you do it?"

Ralph Duncombe remained silent for a moment, then he said—

"My lord, I desired to break off the engagement between you and Miss Lisle."

"You? Why? Ah——"

The light flashed upon him; then he glanced at Lucy, who stood, trembling, with one hand upon Ralph's arm.

"Yes," said Ralph. "But Miss Lisle had rejected me, she would never have been my wife, and, in saying this, I will say no more! I have another reason."

"That reason?" demanded Yorke, with barely restrained fury.

"I decline to answer," said Ralph.

Yorke made a movement as if to seize him or strike him. Lucy screamed, Leslie seemed as if to spring between them, then flung herself on her knees beside a chair, and this recalled Yorke to himself.

"Forgive me," he murmured, casting a glance at her; then in a loud tone he said to Ralph significantly—

"This is not the place for a scene, Mr. Duncombe. I shall demand an explanation from you elsewhere. I—I will go now." He put his hand to his brow, and his face lost its fury as he turned it to Leslie, kneeling with her face in her hands. "Yes, I will go now. Good-bye, Les—Miss Lisle. Forgive me all the trouble and sorrow I have caused you! God, knows, as I said, I would lay down my life to win a day's happiness for you! I—I think in your heart of hearts you know that. I—I have been a wretchedly unfortunate man! It is all my own fault, I daresay, and yet—— Well! All the talking in the world will not talk out the past, will not help me through the future! Good-bye! God bless you, Leslie."

His voice broke into a kind of sob, and he strode towards the door.

As he did so, as, half-blind with misery, he fumbled at the handle, the door opened from the outside, and a tall figure stood on the threshold.

It was Lady Eleanor Dallas! She was wrapped in a very dark cloak, dripping wet, above which her beautiful face gleamed white as that of a Grecian statue.

She held the door, and leaned against it to support herself, and the hand she raised, as if to stop him, shook and quivered as if with ague.

"Stop, Yorke!" she moaned, rather than said.

"Eleanor!" he said hoarsely.

She looked at him as if she found it impossible to speak for a moment; then she drew herself upright, and pushed the wet hair from her forehead.

"Yes, it is I," she said in a low voice, in which agony and pride struggled for the mastery. "Where—where did you come from? How long——"

"Yes," she said, answering his unfinished question, "I have been listening. They told me at home that you had gone out to look for me, and I followed you. I heard your voice as I was passing, and I came into the garden. I have been standing by the window and——Every word!" fell from her white lips.

"You—you should not have listened," he said. "Come away," and he put out his hand as if to draw her outside; but she did not move.

"I am going presently," she said, speaking as if with an effort. "I—I want to say something, Yorke——" She seemed as if she were about to break down, but mastered her emotion and came a step or two farther into the room. "Yorke, you have not heard all yet, not the whole truth. He," she glanced at Ralph Duncombe, "could not tell you, but I will."

A presentiment of what was coming fell on Yorke and he tried to stop her.

"No!" he said. "Say no more, Eleanor, but come home with me."

"I cannot," she said. "I must speak. Miss Lisle——" She drew nearer to Leslie, who had risen and stood against the window, her hands clasped, her head turned away. "Miss Lisle, you have been cruelly wronged. And by me!"

Leslie started and looked up quickly. Lady Eleanor gazed at her, seeing her face distinctly for the first time, and so the two stood and looked at each other—these two beautiful women who were fated to love the same man!

"It was I who—who separated you from Lord Auchester."

Yorke held up his hand to stop her.

"Eleanor!"

But she did not remove her eyes from Leslie's face.

"Yes, I. It was I who employed Mr. Duncombe to buy the debts and summon Lord Auchester."

Ralph Duncombe looked up.

"Is—is this necessary, Lady Eleanor?" he said gravely. "I am ready to take all the responsibility."

"No," she said. "It is I! The woman Finetta told me that the marriage was to take place, and I did all I could to prevent it. You wonder that I should admit it?" she smiled with a mixture of pride and despair. "I have told you that I have been standing by the window there, and have heard all. Do you think that I would hold Lord Auchester to his promise, that I would consent to his marrying me now that I know he is in love with another woman?"

Her eyes flashed and her lips curved haughtily, though her voice was as low as before.

"I tell you this now," she went on, "that Lord Auchester may not hold Mr. Duncombe to blame. The sin, if sin there was, was mine, and I atone for it!" As she spoke the last words, she glided across the room and stood in front of Leslie.

"Miss Lisle, if I were to say that I am sorry, you would not believe me. You are a woman, like myself, and—you will understand! I knew Lord Auchester before you did, and"—she looked round haughtily—"I loved him. If there is any shame in that, I accept it. He know that I loved him."

"For God's sake be silent—come away!" exclaimed Yorke almost inaudibly.

She glanced at him as if she scarcely saw him.

"It was the happiest, proudest day of my life when he asked me to be his wife, and—and in the conviction that I could, and should, make him happy, I did not regret the means by which I had won him. I forgot, you see," she smiled bitterly, "that the day of reckoning might come. It has come and I face it! All the world may know the story——"

"No, no! Oh, no!" panted Lucy, whose gentle heart was melted by the agony which she knew this proud woman was suffering.

Lady Eleanor did not even look at her.

"I do not care who knows!" she said. "I have made my confession, and I have done with it." She made an eloquent gesture with her hands.

There was silence for a moment; then she said, addressing Leslie, in a low distinct voice—

"I do not ask for your forgiveness, Miss Lisle. If I stood in your place I should find it as impossible to forgive as you do. I will not even utter the conventional wish that you may be happy. I tried to ruin your happiness in securing my own, and I have failed. Let that console you, as it will torture me! If you need further consolation take it in the assurance that he has loved you all the time he has been promised to me. Yes!" she said with a deep sigh, "I have felt that all through. His heart was always yours, never mine. If this evening's work had never been, if we had married, he would have gone on loving you, and my punishment would have been greater even than it is."

She was silent a moment; then, still looking at Leslie, she said, inaudibly to the rest—

"That woman, Finetta, lied when she spoke of you. Yes! I can understand how he came to choose you before me!"

She turned and drew her cloak round her and moved to the door. Yorke started as if roused from a kind of stupor, and went forward as if to accompany her, but she drew away from him.

"Your place is here," she said icily, "not with me!"

He stopped, irresolute, half-dazed by conflicting emotions, and she looked over her shoulder at Ralph Duncombe.

"I ordered my carriage to follow me," she said in a dull mechanical voice. "Will you see if it is on the road, Mr. Duncombe?"

He started forward and offered his arm; but Yorke motioned him aside and took her hand.

"No!" he said hoarsely. "My place is by your side. You are my promised wife, Eleanor!"

He spoke the words in the tone a man might use who is about to lead a forlorn hope which must end in death, as a man who is resigning all chance of happiness. She understood and smiled bitterly as she drew her hand from his.

"Pardon me, Lord Auchester," she said, pointing bitterly to Leslie, "there stands your promised wife," and with one long look into his face she turned and left them.

Yorke was a gentleman. He could not let the woman whom he was pledged to marry in a few hours go out into the night like an outcast. He followed her and Ralph Duncombe.

"Eleanor," he said in deep agitation, "you will let me come with you?"

The sound of wheels was heard on the muddy road, and she stood and listened to them rather than to him.

"Eleanor, think what you do!" he said. "I stand by my promise, my engagement, notwithstanding——"

"Notwithstanding that I obtained it by a fraud!" she said, turning her eyes upon him. "Yes, I knew you would say that; and I am grateful. But you forget, Yorke, I heard every word you said. You would give me—what? not yourself, not your heart? You cannot, it belongs to her. Go to her! Forget me!" Then her voice broke, her pride melted, and she held out her arms to him, her white face drawn and haggard. "Oh, Yorke, I loved you so! No, do not come near me! I am not so degraded as to accept such a sacrifice! You love her, and I do not wonder! No, I do not wonder! She is more beautiful than I am, and better, a thousand times better! You will make her happy, and—oh, how much more is this! she will make you happy. Good-bye! Go back to her! Plead to her, kneel to her, to forgive you. You will find it hard; these good women are always harder than we are! She would not have done as much to win you as I have, and will, therefore, be all the slower to forgive! But go! And—and ——" The carriage was drawing near. She threw back the hood of the cloak and flashed all her proud white loveliness upon him. "When you think of me, think of me as I am at this moment, at the moment I relinquished you!"

He stood motionless, and she drew near and laid a white hand upon each of his shoulders, looked into his eyes, a lingering farewell look; then as Ralph Duncombe opened the carriage door, she let her hands drop slowly and got into the carriage. Ralph was following her, but she stayed him with a gesture.

"No, no! Alone! Alone!" came from her parted lips.

The word "Alone! Alone!" fell like a funeral knell upon Yorke's ear; it was the last word he was to hear from Lady Eleanor's lips for many a year.

The two men stood and gazed after the carriage; then Yorke turned upon Ralph Duncombe.

"At any rate, I have a man to deal with now!" he said savagely.

"And one who will not shrink from the encounter, my lord," responded Ralph promptly.

"You have to account to me for your conduct, Mr. Duncombe," said Yorke. "You have interfered in my affairs most unwarrantably. What have you to say?"

Ralph Duncombe flushed angrily and a

passionate retort rose to his lips, but he crushed it down.

"You have every right to demand an explanation, Lord Auchester," he said with an unnatural calmness, "and I give it you. I interfered because I once loved Miss Lisle, and because I did not consider you a fit husband for her. I judged you by the estimate I had formed on hearsay. I thought that I was doing Miss Lisle a service in helping to prevent the marriage."

Yorke swore.

"Even your anger shall not stop me in confessing that I erred," Ralph went on. "I was wrong, I admit it. But I did what I did for the best."

"The best!" groaned Yorke.

"Yes! You cannot but know the character the world gives you. A spendthrift—one who carried on an intrigue with a dancing woman——"

Yorke held up his hand.

"No more, sir!" he said sternly.

But Ralph went on doggedly—

"I thought I was acting wisely and righteously in preventing your marriage to such a woman as Leslie Lisle. I admit I was wrong; and I am ready to yield you any satisfaction you may desire."

Yorke looked into the honest face, into the steadfast eyes, for a moment; then he sighed—

"You are right. I was never worthy of her! What man of us all is?"

"None!" said Ralph. "But, notwithstanding, I say, go and ask her to be your wife, Lord Auchester."

Yorke seemed staggered by this knock-down advice, and hung his head. Then he looked up, breathing hard.

"I will," he said, and he strode into the house, Ralph Duncombe remaining outside.

Leslie had sunk into a chair, and Lucy was kneeling beside her, holding her hands and murmuring those inarticulate words of sympathy and consolation which only women can utter—for at such times a man is always an imbecile and a fool.

Yorke strode in and bent over the chair.

"Leslie," he said, in a hoarse, broken voice. "Leslie, I have come back to you. I don't know what to say, except that I love you, that I have never ceased to love you since the first day we met there at Portmaris. Will you forgive me? Will you be my wife, Leslie?"

A profound silence followed his impassioned words. Lucy, kneeling, holding Leslie's hands.

"Speak to him, dear," she whispered, the tears rolling down her face. "Speak to him, Leslie."

But Leslie could not speak. She was a woman, just a woman, and she found it hard to forgive his betrothal to Lady Eleanor. All else counted for nothing. But that——! She sat motionless and dumb.

Yorke raised his head and cast a despairing look at her.

"I understand," he said, almost inaudibly. "You are right. Well—good-bye, Leslie, good-bye!"

"Leslie!" whispered Lucy in an agony.

"Leslie, dear, dear Leslie, he is going!" whispered Lucy. But Leslie remained motionless and silent, and Yorke, with a groan, left them.

"Well?" said Ralph, as Yorke came out into the darkness and the rain.

Yorke shook his head.

"I have failed," he said grimly.

"What? Stop!" exclaimed Ralph, moved to pity by the despair and hopelessness of the voice. "Why, man, she loves you!"

Yorke shook his head again.

"Not now," he said, in a dull, heavy way. "She did, but now I have lost her. The best, the sweetest——" His voice broke.

Ralph Duncombe seized his arm.

"Wait!" he said. "You are wrong! If ever a woman loved a man, Leslie Lisle loves you!"

Yorke disengaged his arm from Ralph's grasp.

"There is no hope for me," he said despairingly. "I have lost her," and he passed through the gate, and was swallowed up by the darkness.

Lady Eleanor reached White Place, and went straight to her own room, and presently Lady Denby came to her.

"Good heavens, Eleanor, what have you been doing to yourself?" she exclaimed, as she stared at the dripping cloak. "Why, you are wet to the skin! You will catch your death of cold. Where is Yorke?"

"Yorke?" said Lady Eleanor, with a spasmodic laugh. "Yorke will not trouble you again, aunt. He has gone!"

"Gone!"

"Yes, for good! There will be no wedding the day after to-morrow."

"My dear Eleanor, are you mad?"

"No, I am sane at last," said Lady Eleanor. "The engagement is broken off. Do you remember my telling you, when I heard of Eustace's death, and his boys', that I was afraid things would go wrong? Well they have gone wrong. For Heaven's sake don't stare at me like that! Tell my maid to pack my clothes; I shall leave here to-morrow."

"But—but, what has happened?" demanded Lady Denby.

Lady Eleanor laughed harshly.

"He has found the girl he has been in love with all this time. It is not me he wanted to marry, but her. That's all! Tell them to pack up!"

"But—but, my dear Eleanor!"

Lady Eleanor flung her wet hair from her face.

"There is no 'but,'" she said wearily. "He has gone. Let us go away out of England, no matter where. And—and the day after to-morrow was to be my wedding-day! No wedding-day will ever dawn for me!"

She sank on to a sofa and hid her face and lay motionless for an hour, Lady Denby standing near. Then suddenly Lady Eleanor started and raised her head.

"What was that?"

"I heard nothing," said Lady Denby.

"I heard a horse; someone has ridden out of the courtyard. It is Yorke. That is the last of him!"

It was Yorke. He had walked swiftly through the lane to White Place, and going straight to the stable had saddled his horse.

"It's a dark night, my lord," said the groom who held the lantern, and he looked curiously and apprehensively at the stern face. "An' the ground's soft and slippery, my lord," he added.

Yorke did not, however, seem to hear him, but tossing him a sovereign leapt into the saddle and went out of the courtyard at a canter. The horse was fresh and somewhat startled at being taken out so late and into the darkness, and under ordinary circumstances Yorke would have let him go easy until he quieted down, but to-night he had no thought for the horse, or himself, or anything else; and when they had got outside the park and on the London road he let the animal have its head, and even touched it with his heel. This was quite enough, and they went spinning along the slippery road at a break-neck pace. It was very dark, the rain was still coming down in good old English fashion, and the horse was getting more and more nervous as he felt, by some instinct, that his master was riding carelessly and recklessly. Yorke scarcely knew whether he was riding or walking until suddenly he saw something white flash along the ground in front. It was only a white cat, but if it had been a ghost the horse could not have been more frightened. He stopped almost instantly and shied, and, on Yorke's striking him, reared. Yorke was a good rider and kept his seat, but when he struck the horse again, and tried to force him over, the animal, half mad with fright, reared still higher, until he stood as upright as a circus horse; then, losing his balance, slipped on the greasy road and came down backwards on the top of Yorke.

It was done in a moment, with scarcely any sound save the clatter and splash of the horse's hoofs as he rose and shook himself, trembling and panting, and in the silence of the night Yorke lay motionless, his whole length stretched out upon the ground, the rain beating down upon his upturned face.

* * * * * *

Ralph Duncombe had gone to the inn, and the two girls, left alone, were still in the parlor. Leslie had scarcely changed her attitude, and seemed sunk in lethargic indifference, which was really the result of exhaustion, and though she listened to Lucy's arguments and prayers made no response to them.

Lucy pleaded hard for Yorke. With a woman's quick insight she had pierced the haze by which his actions and motives seemed obscured, and had jumped at, rather than worked out, the whole truth.

"Are you going to let him go, Leslie," she asked for the twentieth time, "after all he has suffered?"

"I have suffered also," said Leslie at last.

"But through no fault of his! Or, at any rate, not entirely through his fault. Is it because he changed titles with the duke that you are so angry, and will not forgive him?"

Leslie shook her head.

"I do not care about that," she said simply.

"Is it because he was so great a friend with that dancing woman?"

Leslie's face flushed, but she shook her head.

"No," said Lucy quickly. "He had not seen you then, remember. He said good-bye to her after he had met you. You needn't want any more than that. What is it then? Ah, it is because of his engagement to Lady Eleanor!"

Leslie turned her face away, her brows drawn together.

"But think, dear!" pleaded Lucy. "What could he do? Lady Eleanor had saved him from ruin—he did not know that it was she and Ralph who had driven him into a corner; remember, she had saved him, and he knew that she loved him, and he thought that you had thrown him over. Oh, Leslie, he only did what any man would have done. Forgive him, dear! He loves you with all his heart and soul, anyone—a woman especially—can see that. There, you are trembling! Leslie, let your heart speak for you. Let me send for him!" and she rose, as if she meant to sally out that moment and bring Yorke back, but Leslie caught her arm.

"No," she said with a set face. "I must think. I cannot forget that he was going to be married to—to Lady Eleanor the day after to-morrow. It is better that he should keep to his engagement to that lady."

She could forgive him everything but his betrothal to Lady Eleanor.

As she spoke she kissed Lucy and went to her own room. In crossing the parlor she saw the locket with Yorke's portrait lying on the floor. She paused a moment, a moment only, then went on, and left it lying there.

But half an hour afterwards, when all was still, the door opened, and she entered the room and picked up the locket, gazed at the portrait, and was about to press it to her lips, when she stopped and shuddered, remembering in whose keeping the locket had been. Indeed, she was about to drop in on the floor again, when a singular sound broke the stillness. It was as if someone were moving in the garden. She thrust the locket into the bosom of her dress and went to the window. The rain had ceased, and there was a glimmer of moonlight between the clouds. By this uncertain light she saw something standing on the small lawn. She was rather frightened for a moment, till she saw it was a horse. She was not in a condition of mind to care very much about the garden, but she thought of Lucy's pride in it, and fondness for it, and she opened the door and stole out, intending to drive the horse, which she suspected had strayed from one of the adjoining meadows, through the gate.

But when she got near it she saw that it was saddled. She did not immediately realize the significance of this fact. Then it flashed upon her, and she ran into the house and into Lucy's room. Lucy was still dressed, and seemed to expect her.

"I heard you moving about, dear," she said lovingly, "and I knew you would come to tell me that you had forgiven him and taken him back."

"No, no!" exclaimed Leslie. "Come—come at once!"

They ran down hand in hand, and Lucy uttered a cry of alarm as she saw the horse.

"Oh, my dahlias, Leslie! Oh, oh!"

"Hush!" said Leslie in a whisper. "Don't you see? It is saddled! There has been an accident. Get the lantern, Lucy! Quick! I will catch the horse!"

"No, no, you cannot!"

But Leslie went up to the great creature guardedly, and after a moment's fidgetting he allowed her to get hold of the bridle.

Lucy was back with the lantern in a moment or two, and stood trembling; it was Leslie who was calm and cool now.

"Look, Lucy, there is blood on his shoulder and back! He has fallen, and—and I am afraid for his rider. Wait!"

She snatched the lantern from Lucy's hand, and running to the road examined it.

"Thank God for the rain!" she said fervently. "See, every hoof mark!"

She slung the bridle over the gate, and holding the lantern close to the ground, followed the tracks. It was Lucy who first saw the motionless figure lying in the road, and she uttered a faint scream.

In another moment she was kneeling beside it, and then she stretched out her arm as if to hide the white blood-stained face from Leslie.

"Keep back! Don't come near!" she gasped in a paroxysm of terror. "Oh, Leslie, Leslie, it is he!"

Leslie sank on to her knees, and put Lucy's arm aside, and looked at the face.

"He is dead!" she screamed. "Dead! I have killed him!" And uttering heart-broken wails like some wild, distraught creature, she took his head upon her bosom and held it there, calling upon his name in an agony of despair and remorse.

Lucy stood and wrung her hands, looking round helplessly, almost terrified out of her senses by Leslie's terrible outburst of passionate grief. But her helplessness lasted only for a moment or two. She bent down and shook, literally shook, Leslie's shoulder.

"He is not dead!" she said, "but he will be if we let him lie here!"

She had hit upon the surest way of rousing Leslie. She stopped the awful wailing, held Yorke's face from her and looked at it—oh, with what a scrutiny!—then sprang to her feet.

"Help me!" she said through her clenched teeth, and she put her arms around Yorke's broad shoulders, and raised him from the ground. She felt strong enough to carry him by herself! Between them they carried him into the house and into Lucy's room.

"Now I will go for the doctor," said Leslie, with a calmness which terrified Lucy almost as much as her grief had done, but Lucy snatches up her shawl.

"No, I will go! You must stay with him! You—you will not break down, Leslie?"

A smile crossed Leslie's white face; and, sufficiently answered, Lucy sped away.

When she came back with the doctor they found that Leslie had—heaven only knows how—got off Yorke's saturated coat and waistcoat, and washed the blood from his face; and she stood outside the door holding Lucy's hand, calm and composed, while the doctor made his examination. Then he called them in.

"No bones broken, thank God!" he said; "the horse must have fallen on him; and I was afraid——But he has struck his head, and there is mischief in a blow like this. He will want careful nursing." He looked from one to the other, and Leslie moved forward a little. The doctor nodded. "Very good," he said, as if accepting her; and he began at once to give her the necessary instruction. "When he comes to he must be kept quiet."

Ralph, who had been fetched by the doctor's man, entered the room, and the doctor sent him into the village for some things he required; on the way Ralph roused the postmaster and sent a telegram to the Duke of Rothbury.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EYES.—The "Eyesologist" is the newest fad of man, and succeeds the "palmist." He tells character from the color of eyes. The theory is that brown eyes, which are plentiful, seldom mirror the heart feelings, but are fine to look at. Grey eyes are the most common; there are a hundred different kinds of grey eyes. People have not become advanced enough to have more than four or five colors to apply to eyes; so any that are not blue, or black, or brown, or hazel, are called grey. You seldom see a really stupid person with grey eyes; but the genuine grey is always found among highly intelligent people. Steel-grey eyes with large pupils denote intense feeling; blue-grey eyes are general among people with kindly hearts. Blue eyes denote quickness of thought, and generally fine physical development when they are large and bright. Very few blue-eyed people are color-blind or near-sighted. Hazel eyes denote musical ability and grace of person. The ideal eye is, however, a perfect violet or a velvet brown, as soft and gentle as a doe's. Violet eyes are very rare; they denote gentleness, intelligence, devotion, and boundless faith. Brown eyes denote intense feeling and loveableness.

THE INSECT-EATER.—One of the most curious and interesting plants is the nepenthes, or "insect-eater." The peculiar formation of the flower and the appendage to the apex of the leaf likens it to a pitcher—hence the name. Connected with the point of this leaf—by means of a tendril resembling a strap—is a tube, shaped somewhat like an antique vase. This will hold from half a pint to a pint of water. Over the mouth of this tube or vase, or sometimes thrown back from it, is a leaf resembling a cover or lid. When the tube or vase is fairly well filled with a treacle-like fluid the lid opens and the insects, swarming about, are attracted inside by the liquid which apparently intoxicates them at the first taste, for they immediately fall over into the vase, without power to remove themselves from the gluey substance.

OPEN your hands, ye whose hands are full. The world is waiting for you.

OUR SILENT WORK.

BY S. C.

In silence rapt, decades of time stalk by.
With noiseless tread the seasons come and go.
In a hushed stillness leaves start, fade and die,
While flower-buds bloom and wither; dew-drops glow,
And piles the snow.

Thus, often springs from some small, Christ-like deed
The best results. A hand outstretched may stay
Some falling one (though small that hand) and lead
A thoughtless soul from sin's dark, starless way
To endless day.

Then scatter kindly acts; shed tender tears
With those who weep. A neighbor's burden bear,
Touch gently fevered brows; calm restless fears
By guiding to Christ's robe some touch with care
And silent prayer.

Good, wrought in quiet, may in silence roll
Onward for years and years. Our life-work o'er,
Some living heart may feel its soft control,
While we, approved by God, may God adore
For evermore!

His Wife.

BY P. T. S.

AFTERNOON in the tropics, and at sea. On every side, as far as eye could reach, the ocean meeting sky until the former resembled a gold-embossed round shield, as it heaved the slightest beneath the vertical rays of the tropical sun which sailed regally through the unbroken expanse of blue.

As it floated apparently motionless in the atmospheric sea, so a handsome, well-appointed yacht reigned alone upon the golden waters beneath. Not another object was in sight, neither human, fish, nor fowl.

It was a steam yacht, but the steam had been shut off, the sails, gleaming white in the glaring sun, unfurled; but they hung limp and still, the light breeze unable to stir them.

It was the hour of idleness. In the fore part two or three sailors were seated, talking in low tones. The deep silence of nature had a subduing effect even on them, rough as they were.

Aft, under a gaily-striped awning, on a deck chair, placed upon an Indian carpet spread over a portion of the polished oak deck, sat a lady of about five-and-twenty, with clear complexion, well-cut features, blue eyes shadowed by long dreamy lashes, chestnut hair, and attired in yachting costume of blue turned back with white silk, and a blue kerchief tied loosely round her white warm throat in a sailor's knot.

On her knee was a book, in which she seemed languidly interested. Languidly, for, like the sails, everyone and everything appeared languid in the tropical heat.

Leaning over the side, watching the silent sea, was a gentleman of about forty, also in yachting costume. A brown-bearded, well-looking, manly man. No other than Roland Gower, owner of the yacht, and husband to the not quite a month old bride seated on the deck chair.

Roland Gower was a widower when he met Florence Pemberton, and fell in love with her, as she with him. He was travelling abroad, enjoying an unexpectedly inherited fortune.

She, too, was travelling abroad, but as the companion to a crotchety old lady, who had a pet parson, a pet doctor, and a pet pug. From that existence Roland Gower had rescued her. A modern Perseus and Andromeda. They had been quietly married, then, by mutual desire, had planned to spend their honeymoon in a cruise south.

Could anything be more enjoyable, when the love is passionate, all-absorbing, and true, as in the present case? None who had observed their glances when they met, could have doubted that. "Surprising," a cynic might exclaim, as their "lune de miel" was now nearly over.

"What are you reading, pet?" asked Roland Gower, turning, and breaking the silence.

"'The Voyage of the Sunbeam.'"

"Of course. I never know a girl take a cruise, since that was penned, who didn't read it. There, darling, read a bit of the yarn aloud."

Crossing, he took his place on the carpet at her feet, leaning against her knee, drawing her left hand over his shoulder, and occasionally pressing it to his cheek and lips. It was a picture of the very luxury of enjoyable idleness—a lotus-eating crew. Just then the breeze grew stronger, and the sails swelling, the yacht glided on, a tropic idyl.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a commotion among the men aft. They were gathered at the side, shading their eyes with their rough, brown hands, and gazing towards the horizon, as they talked excitedly.

"What is it, lads?" called Roland, springing to his feet.

At sea any trifling incident is welcomed as a distraction.

"There be something dark floating out yonder, sir," answered the master. "It looks a fragment of wreck."

In a second all were crowding to the side. The telescope was brought from the cabin, and adjusted to Flo's sight.

"Oh, yes, yes," she cried, wild with excitement, "and there is something upon it. Can it be anyone shipwrecked?"

Certainly there was someone upon it, hence shipwrecked.

"Lower the boat," exclaimed Roland. "Quick, lads."

There was no need to urge them. Soon it had touched the water, was manned, Roland taking the lead, and being propelled towards the object.

Oh, yes, surely it was a human form. A man's? No, a woman's! But one who made no response to their shout.

At every sweep of the oars the excitement increased. Now they were close to it. A fragment of wreck, with a woman lashed to it. Now one of the sailors, leaning over, clutched the object, and dragged it alongside the boat.

Every head was craned forward, every eye bent on the wreck, hence none beheld the ghastly horror that came over the features of Roland Gower; none heeded, or thought singular, the cry he gave. Great Heaven, had they but guessed his thoughts at the awful moment!

Oh, that he might, that he could, that he dared thrust the wreck, and the woman it bore, down, down, twenty fathoms down, out of sight! That was madness, for it was impossible. But she was dead. Oh, yes. Heaven forgive him for the joy he felt—she was dead.

No. A sailor had seized her arm to draw her near, and placed his hand on her heart.

"Poor thing," he remarked, with rough sympathy. "My eyes, isn't she a beauty! Hurrah! She's alive, mates! Her heart beats. Take her in."

The cords were severed;; the handsome woman, with her saturated garments, was lifted in, and placed at Roland Gower's feet.

"Has the master never seen a half-drowned woman before?" whispered a sailor, as they returned to the yacht, glancing furtively at Roland Gower's white, stony face.

Over the side Flo was watching, and she gave a cry as she saw what the boat had brought.

"Don't fear, marm, she lives," said a sailor, cheerily.

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Flo, gratefully, and as her husband climbed up the side, he turned his haggard gaze upon her almost with horror.

"Roland!" she exclaimed, hastening to him, "What is it?"

"Nothing," he answered, keeping her hands from going round his neck. "The woman lives, you need not be concerned. The stewardess can see to her."

"But, dearest——"

"You will obey me, Florence. I tell you you need not be concerned."

He kept her with him while the woman was taken below, and remained with her, the sailors bringing bulletins. The lady had recovered already, the stewardess had lent her clothes, and she was eating heartily.

"There, you see, Florence."

"But still, dear, it would seem but kindness——"

"Never mind that. I do not wish you to go. I will tell you later."

That evening, when Flo had gone to her berth, Roland Gower and the woman met in the cabin. The door was closed, the shades drawn over the skylights.

As she stood before him, he exclaimed, his features dark with loathing, with passion:

"Fiend—demon! Why did you give out that lie—that you were dead?"

The woman broke into an apparently amused laugh.

"I had my own reasons, you may be sure," she replied. "And so you have married again? It's unfortunate for the lady."

"Woman, be silent! or I may forget my manhood."

She looked him in the eyes with a defiant smile.

"Oh," she said, "how you hate me, and how I hate you. But there, do not imagine I wish ever to be again your wife—not I. Go your way, I'll go mine. Only I want money. Let me have that, and I can hold my tongue. Also shall be obliged by your putting me on board the first ship that passes. I trust it'll not take fire like the last. Now, is our interview over, for I'm weary? I haven't had much sleep lately."

He let her go, then ascended to the deck. That night he never went near Flo, but passed it on the deck, or in the cabin, fighting with his great agony.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" he groaned, "how shall I tell you? What will you do?"

Before noon the next day, a sail was sighted. The first to see it was the rescued woman herself. She appeared, indeed, as eager to be quit of the yacht as Roland was that she should be gone.

Signalling the vessel, which proved homeward bound, when she came nearer, again the boat was lowered. This time to take the woman away.

All that morning Florence had been silent—even a little distant to her husband; and, after breakfast, had refused to come on deck; for which, secretly, he was glad. Once she had seemed about to speak, but he had checked her with the word, "Wait."

Now, descending the the cabin, he found her watching through the porthole the boat containing the woman, as it rowed to the vessel.

"Roland," she said, as he joined her, "what is the meaning of all this? Would you drive me mad? Why are you behaving thus? Who is that woman?"

"Heaven help us both, Florence!" he answered, with a bitter moan, "she is—my wife!"

* * * * * *

It was evening. The roll of vehicles, the hum of blended sounds heard at the fringe of the Great City, filled the air, which hung over the house tops thick with mist. The gaslights beneath, however, dispersed it are it reached the ground.

In the off streets of respectable private houses the mist had it pretty much its own way, defying the sparsely placed gas lamps, and the pale faced, anxious eyed woman, who, for the twentieth time, drew aside the blind of a window on the second floor of one of the houses, to look into the road, with difficulty could penetrate it.

The apartment she occupied was a bedroom, neatly but scantily furnished, brightened by simple cheap knick-knacks of tasteful prettiness. On the bed lay a tiny form—a child's. When the woman left the window, she always came and leaned over the little figure with a wild passion of anxiety and sorrow in her beautiful eyes. At this last time she cried, beneath her breath:

"Oh, why does he not come? Why does he not come?"

She sank, sitting on the ground by the low bed, her hand gently clasping the small, waxen one of the child's, and fell into a reverie. It was a sad picture the shaded paraffin lamp illumined, telling its own story, and yet not quite so.

The woman's attire was black, and might have been mourning. She was wasted by care and trouble; her wan cheeks made her eyes preternaturally large and brilliant, yet it could still be seen how beautiful she had been, how very beautiful she still was.

Of what was she thinking? Her mind had fled far from that poor room to a glorious afternoon in the tropics, to the deck of a yacht, and the loving attentions of a husband—a husband, as she, as he had believed. Great Heaven! what a contrast between now and then!

Then, how bright, unclouded, appeared her future! Now, were it not for the fair blossom heaven-sent to keep her from despair, how thankfully would she have lain down and died.

Yes, this was the once bright young bride; and now—now—— With a moaning cry she covered her face, for at the remembrance of her disgrace, though over two years had passed, the iron yet, at each remembrance, seemed to penetrate afresh into her soul. Never was to be forgotten the scene which had followed upon that awful avowal, "She is my wife!" Flo's horror—horror at her fearful position—despair at the crushing out of her golden vision of love, had all yielded at last to compassion for the man who had unconsciously deceived her—unconsciously. She never doubted that.

She saw him now as he had lain at her feet on the cabin floor, pouring forth his sad story, entreating her to forgive him if she could—to tell him what he could do for her, and he would do it. Abruptly, she had found herself the comforter, bidding him take heart, entreating that each should bear their burthen with courage for the other's sake.

His sad story. A few words told it. A man's fascination, a woman's beauty, a marriage which had been a failure; before the first year both had discovered their mistake; soon Roland had begun to doubt his wife's fidelity; then, abruptly, without warning, she had left him, and he had learned she had gone to America with another, passing under that other's name—as his wife. Instantly he had started proceedings for a divorce, but before the case came on news reached him of her death in San Francisco. It was a great joy, a great relief; he owned it. She had freed him without publicity. For ten years he had lived a widower, then he had met Flo—and she knew the rest. But this woman had lied; she was not dead. Could Flo ever forgive?

"I have forgiven," she answered, in a low tone; "yes, Roland, from my soul. But you must let me quit the yacht as soon as possible, and we never again must meet—never!" she added, firmly, as she read the pleading agony in his face. "As yet, Roland, you have been guiltless; do not be guilty of wrong to me now."

He bowed his head before her. If some of those base reasons men who love so skilfully use, and find plausible arguments for, rose to his lips, the pure light in her eyes chilled them there.

"Florence," he said, after a pause, "what you command shall be. It is not for me to gainsay your will, but—you go back to poverty; that I cannot bear. You must accept that which at least shall put you above the necessity of toil."

Before he had concluded she had shrunk from him with an expression of horror.

"No, no!" she cried. "Oh! you do not heed what you ask. Roland, is not my load hard enough to bear already? Surely, it is not you who should make it harder."

Her manner silenced him. He argued no further. The yacht was turned towards the land. There they parted. With but a hand pressure, no more; but how full of despair that breaks the heart was it!

Florence had returned to London and found subsistence out of some of the poorly-paid branches open to women. She would have again obtained a companionship, but that was impossible. She had to take what she was able to obtain, and was grateful for that.

In due course her babe was born. Was it a sin that she had prayed, before it arrived, that, for its own sake, it might not live? Yet when she looked into its face as it rested on her bosom, she felt no wealth on earth could purchase it from her. Henceforth, she had something to work for—to love—the selfishness of lonely lives would not be hers.

Work for—ah, indeed, how she worked!—yet how bitter had been and was her fight to keep want from the door. Her health was delicate, the child had inherited it, and, after a while, began to sicken and pine, making the young mother mad with despair.

Was Heaven going to take it from her? Was this to be her punishment for praying it might not live? She, who would give her life—twenty lives—to save it now.

"I wonder what Roland would do, did he know his child—oh, merciful Heaven—lies perhaps dying?" she thought. "He does not even know he is a father."

She wondered whether it was her duty to tell him. He was wealthy. Might not, by the aid of money, the darling be saved?

Just then there was a step on the stair. Florence leaped up, eagerly. The doctor at last. No, the step was too heavy, yet with a lighter fall. A tap, the door was a bit opened, and her old landlady's head was thrust in.

"An old gentleman wants to speak to you partikler."

"To speak to me!" said Florence. "It cannot be; besides, I cannot leave my child."

"I'll keep with the blessed innocent, my dear. He says he must see you. I asked him into the parlor."

A moment Florence hesitated, and glanced at the tiny sufferer. How could she go? If the doctor would but come! Who could this old gentleman be?

Then it flashed on her it might be work, employment for her, and she at once descended.

In the parlor was an old gentleman with white hair, gold pince-nez, and attired in highly respectable black.

"Madam," he said, bowing with deep re-

spect, "I bring news that, I fear, may pain you, but it must be spoken."

"I am accustomed to bad news," remarked Florence, mournfully, "that I believe only good would kill me. Do not hesitate to speak."

"Then, dear madam, I was Mr. Roland Gower's solicitor."

"Was?" exclaimed Florence, quickly, in growing alarm.

"I grieve to say—was. For Mr. Roland Gower has been killed by accident while shooting hippopotami in Africa."

"Dead!" gasped Florence, sinking white and faint into a chair. "Roland Gower dead!"

"My dear lady," in consternation, "for pity's sake, don't faint. I trust I bring some consolation. In his will, which has been proved—now do you hear me? don't—don't faint—he leaves you a thousand a year. Heaven help the poor thing; she's off."

It was true. She had only heard that which had deafened her to all else. Roland, the man she loved still, and ever must until the grave closed over her, Roland, the father of her child, was dead. She had made one effort to keep her senses. In vain, even as the little lawyer spoke, her head fell back in a dead faint.

At that moment the doctor's knock sounded at the door. Florence no longer heeded it, and, on entering, he found two patients awaiting him instead of one.

* * * * * *

"Now, me dear, you just be still. The lady's heard of ye being so bad, and she's coming to see yez to-night."

"Who is she?" asked the occupant of a poor, dingy bed, in a poor, dingy room near Euston Road.

"She's just a hangel," was the response, as the old Irishwoman pottered about, putting things tidy. "She's heaps o' money, and she just spends it and her time among the poor, helpin' to amaliorate their hard lot. She nusses them herself, and, saints above, here she is."

The speaker hurried from the room, the woman in the bed seemed to forget all but the wasting fire of her complaint, and rolled her head incessantly. Five minutes, and the door opened, admitting a tall figure, dressed in plain dark garments.

Noiselessly she approached the bed, and bent over it. The sick woman looked up, the lamp lighted both faces—their eyes met—each started.

"It is you," said Florence, in low tones. "His wife."

"What!" cried the woman, "is it you who are the angel who was to come and nurse and cure me—you—his——"

She stopped abruptly, meeting the calm, steady gaze of those beautiful eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she added, "you were not to blame. There—I'm dying, every joint is racked. Nobody has time to cure me, to care for me; and I don't expect you to. Why don't you fly from me like one flies from the plague? What are you doing?" she asked, sharply, for Florence had quietly put off her long, dark cloak, and was removing her bonnet.

"I came to nurse you, hearing you had need."

"Ah, but you did not know who I was," ejaculated the woman.

"I know now, and it makes no difference. To me you are but a fellow mortal requiring help. I am here to give it. I am here to nurse you. Do not speak further, you are exciting yourself. Henceforth, remember I am your nurse. If you would live, you must obey me."

She spoke with quiet authority, and moving to the table, began to examine the medicine, read the directions, and wash the oft used glasses. The woman watched her in silence, then ejaculated:

"Do you mean you are really going to nurse me?"

"Most surely; and cure you, if I can, with Heaven's help."

The woman dropped back, and turned away her head on the pillow. For some time after she said not a word.

"Cure you, if I can." Before even dawn came, Florence knew it was impossible. She could only ease the woman's last hours; she was doomed. A reckless life, cold upon cold, had brought her to this place—this wretched ending.

But how was it Florence was here? A few words will explain. The thousand a year left her in Roland Gower's will, she felt she was not justified in refusing. Hence, she had accepted it; but had devoted herself and it to the doing good among, and lightening the burthens of the poor.

So four years had elapsed—four years, in which her name had become a blessing to many a humble home. To children she was especially gentle, in gratitude for her own darling—the only being left her to love, having been spared. On the second night, as she sat by the dying woman, the latter asked abruptly:

"Where is he?"

"Is it possible you do not know?" replied Florence, gravely. "He was killed by accident, four years ago, in Africa."

"Dead?—He is dead?" cried the woman, bending her fever-lit eyes on her nurse's face. "Is it true?"

"True?" sadly. "Would to Heaven it were not."

"You swear it?" eagerly.

"I could swear it, were there need."

The woman averted her eyes. For over an hour she was silent. Then resting her thin, cold hand on Florence's arm, she said:

"Listen. I have something to tell you. You are a good woman, and I can't die and let you, who have been so gentle to me, suffer longer. But mind me—if he were alive, I wouldn't speak, even for your sake. Well—" she paused, as if struggling with her purpose—"you were Roland Gower's lawful wife all along, and I was not."

Florence sprang up.

"What do you mean?" she cried; then to herself: "Poor thing, it is delirium."

"I'll tell you, then you'll be happy. A woman can't have two husbands, and I was married when I went through the ceremony with Roland Gower."

"Married!" cried Florence, "Woman, you are playing with me! It is a cruel, an ungrateful jest!"

"A woman doesn't jest on her death bed," was the response. "I was married, but my husband had left me and gone to America. For three years, neither word nor sign had I had from him. I thought he might be dead, and didn't care. When I fascinated Roland Gower, and found he would marry me, I didn't see why I shouldn't accept him. I did, and regretted it; we were like cat and dog. Well, one day I met my husband. He was kind; he had made a good home in 'Frisco, and had come to find me. I was alarmed that he should learn what I had done. I was terrified, lest I should be punished for bigamy, so I let Roland Gower believe I had run away with another man, but he was my lawful husband. You'll find our marriage in the register of Grayling Church, Hereford. When at 'Frisco I managed to make Roland Gower believe me dead!"

"And," asked Florence, trembling violently, "your husband?"

"Left me again," said the woman, bitterly; "went all to smash, and now is dead."

"Why," demanded Florence, passionately, "did you not tell Roland Gower of this, when on the yacht?"

"Because I wanted money, and," with intense bitterness, "because I hated him. Were he alive, I would die, my secret yet my own; but he is dead, and you have been kind to me, you have done your best to save me, but you can't."

The excitement passed; she dropped, weak and helpless, on the pillow.

With a great effort, Florence mastered her emotion, her anger against this woman. There was much yet to be done.

"All this," she remarked, "is useless to me, until it is written out and signed by you."

"You write it out—I will sign it, if—I've strength."

* * * * * *

Six months have elapsed. Florence's cheek is no longer worn; her heart is lighter. She can look the whole world in the face; she can look into her boy's bright eyes without a feeling of disgrace or shame. The poor of poor neighborhoods still know her "angel face," as they term it. Indeed, she overtaxed her strength, and, as the bright spring advances, has been sent off by stern medical decree to Bournemouth, where she drinks in deep draughts of ozone and sunshine, while "Le petit Roland," as the French "bonne" calls him, paddles and disports himself in the water.

One morning, having letters to write, she sent her boy with the "bonne" to bathe, following herself later.

As she drew near the beach, a crowd by the bathing-machines attracted her attention.

"What is the matter?" she asked of a boatman.

"Little boy drowned, I think, ma'am. 'Taint surprisin'; what does a French nuss understand about the sea?"

Florence uttered a shriek, and sped forward.

"My boy—Roland, my son!" she cried.

The crowd made way for her, while a murmur ran through it:

"It's his mother!"

"Don't be frightened, ma'am; don't be frightened!" said a cheery-faced old gentleman. "This way, the lad's all right."

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Florence. "Is it true?"

"Of course it is. The little chap got washed off his feet by a wave, and the French hussy could do nothing but stand and cry 'Mon Dieu!' he will be drown. Ah! his 'pauvre maman.' Before anyone seemed to know what had happened, a gentleman rushed in from the beach, and saved the child from being borne away."

"Heaven bless him! Ah! my boy."

The next moment she held her child to her bosom, sobbing over it for very joy, while he laughed up at her, crying:

"I not frightened a bit, mamma, dear."

In a while she raised her head. The gentleman — where was he? She must thank him.

They pointed out the hotel where he lived, and entrusting the boy to a lady she knew, Florence proceeded to, and entered the hotel. They showed her into a private room. The gentleman would be there directly.

In five minutes he entered. Florence gave one quick cry, and flew into his arms.

"Roland!" she cried. "My husband—oh! my husband, alive. Why did you deceive me? But I know—I know! It was that I might accept that from you, dead, I could not from you living. Oh! Roland, my love!"

In surprise he held her to him. He rained passionate kisses on the beautiful face that was not averted.

"My Florence—my angel Florence!" he ejaculated.

"And," she broke in, half laughing, half crying, "your own, true wife, Roland. Yes, your wedded wife!"

GREAT AND LITTLE THINGS.—A French scientist has made some curious discoveries which show the connection between little and great things. To ascertain the qualities of an applicant cook, he says it is sufficient to give her a plate to clean, a sauce to make, and watch how she moves her hand in either act. If she moves it from left to right, or in the direction of the watch, you may trust her; if the other way, she is certain to be stupid and incapable. The intelligence of people may also be gauged, the doctor further says, by asking them to make a circle on paper with a pencil, and noting in which direction the hand is moved. The good students in a mathematical class draw circles from left to right. The inferiority of the softer sex, as well as of the male dunces, is shown by their drawing from right to left. Asylum patients do the same. In a word, says the doctor, centrifugal movements are characteristic of intelligence and higher development; centripetal are a mark of incomplete evolution. A person, as his faculties are developed, may even come to draw circles in a different way from what he did in his youth.

WOMAN.—It is hardly possible to overrate the influence of true-hearted woman, from the time it is first felt in her childhood's home, where by her presence she gladdens the heart of the father and mother, and by her mild gentle love holds away over the heart of her brother, filling his mind with images of purity and faith in woman. No man, however debased he may become, if he has been blessed with such a sister, can ever forget her. Thoughts of her love will come to him, until, angel-like, they lead him back to the path of virtue and peace. How precious is the bond between a sister and an only brother! With how much patient love she overlooks his waywardness! And, let that brother thank "the Giver of all good gifts" for the priceless one of a true-hearted sister. Let her strive to win and retain his confidence; and though she may form nearer ties, let her not, in her own happiness, forget to sympathize in his joys and sorrows; feeling deeply conscious that her influence is wielded alike for time and eternity.

ADVICE.—If we did but realize the great difficulty of so appreciating the peculiar position, character, and feelings of another as to find out what was really the best thing for him to do, we should be much more reluctant to give advice than we now are. Instead of pouring it out volubly upon those who do not want it and will not follow it, we should at least wait until it is sought, and then only give modestly and kindly the best results of our most careful thought and disinterested sympathy. When the heart and the mind are thus brought into full play upon this important duty, advice will be rarer; but it will be far better worth having, more eagerly sought, and more frequently followed.

Scientific and Useful.

WEB CLOTH.—Spiders' thread, which is one-third stronger than steel wire of equal diameter, is to be utilized for the manufacturing of a spider silk textile for ladies' upper and under garments.

PURIFICATION.—All sorts of vessels may be purified from long-retained smells of every kind in the easiest manner by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and water.

MOUSE-TRAPS.—The sticky fly-paper which is commonly sold during the summer season is said to make an excellent mouse-trap. A sheet of it laid in front of any hole from which the mice emerge is sufficient to hold them fast until they are captured and destroyed. The same paper may be used over and over again.

POISON BOTTLES.—A Canadian has invented a simple and ingenious device to be attached to all bottles containing poisons. It consists of a mechanism fastened to the bottom of the bottle and so arranged that every time the bottle is lifted or moved it rings a little bell. With a death's head for the eye, and a kind of death rattle for the ear, it seems as if accidents ought to be entirely avoided.

UMBRELLA WINDOW.—A window in the umbrella is a decided novelty. It consists of a small oval piece of glass, with a brass frame, which is easily mounted on a rib of the umbrella, while it is fixed to the silk by sewing through the perforated holes in the little frame. These windows can be placed in old or new umbrellas in a few minutes, and at a trifling cost, nor will they spoil the general appearance of the article.

ELECTRICITY.—One of nature's mysterious laws causes soft iron to become magnetic when surrounded by a current of electricity. In the ordinary dynamo this law is of the greatest utility. As the electrical current is being collected by the revolving armature it is led around the magnet, and thus the magnetic germ is quickly changed into a mighty force, again filling the armature, which transforms it from magnetic to electrical force.

Farm and Garden.

THE PEN.—Whenever it is necessary to confine pigs in a close pen it is very important that they are furnished with a good variety of food.

RUNAWAYS.—Advice has been invented for stopping runaway horses. It blinds the animal by clapping something over his eyes. The mechanism operates from the driver's seat.

THE DANDELION.—Many persons who know that the dandelion is useful in medicine for man are not aware that it has a very beneficial effect on the health of horses, the black becoming sleek and shining like a mole, and the brown dappled like a deer. The leaves of the plant should therefore be saved for this purpose.

SHEEP.—Don't expect the sheep business to do itself. That kind of sheep raising passed away a long time ago, but some haven't found it out yet. Don't try to believe the way your father raised sheep was good enough for him and what was good enough for him is good enough for you. Time has made many changes, and we must be up with the times.

THE IDEAL FARM.—The ideal farm will be the farm of the future and it will be found in America. Changing conditions will force all but competent farmers to abandon the business and education will enter more into the farm operations of the future. Farms will be smaller, neighbors nearer together and social privileges multiplied. The boys and girls will not then want to leave the farm.

LIGHTNING.—We read of a good deal of live stock being killed by lightning which was conveyed by wire fences. This is especially true of cows and sheep which are quite apt to lie down close along side the fence. If farmers will connect each fence-wire with a cross wire which runs down in the ground two feet, once in four or six rods, they will avert considerable of the danger and risk of injury to the stock.

IN MANY FAMILIES Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is kept constantly in the house, and given to the children at frequent intervals, as a gentle tonic and febrifuge; thus insuring good digestion, health and strength. Not only is it a benefit to children, but to adults as well, in dyspepsia, enfeebled digestion and weakness. As a Vermifuge it is unexcelled. Sold by all Druggists.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 10.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 725 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

☞ YOUR ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO THE PREMIUM OFFER ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Of Holiday Life.

Multitudes of orderly and sober-minded persons who lead well-considered and healthy lives during the greater portion of their time are at fault and notably fail to live wisely or well during their holidays.

This is partly because these generally well-conducted folk are in the habit of living by the force of custom. They run straight on the rails laid for them, and have no need to steer or pick their way through the world.

The seemingly riotous use they make of their liberty is in part due to the fact that, not having had any occasion to exercise self-control in their routine discharge of duty, they do not know how to hold themselves in restraint and to order their affairs decorously and expediently when cast on their own internal resources for guidance.

We have no notion how directly and in how large a sense we are the creatures of habit and of circumstances until, deprived of the coercive influence of accustomed surroundings, we go astray.

Many a man is sober, prudent, industrious, moral, because, and only because, his lot has been cast in the midst of circumstances which render it easy and natural to practise virtue rather than vice. He is not a whit better at heart or more judicious in his self-government than his neighbor who perhaps transgresses known laws of social and personal propriety; but he has been more favorably placed, and is therefore better protected from the impulses that drive and the so-called "temptations" that lure men to evil.

These are considerations that ought to make us all very humble and careful to test the strength of our principles, so that, when left without any other guide for our footsteps, we may not be unable to discover or mark out for ourselves a safe and plain path.

Holiday life affords an excellent opportunity for studying the nature and tendencies of self when left without the safeguards and corrective influences with which habit and custom commonly surround us.

Holiday-life is too often regarded as a spell of existence in which everything may be left to impulse—in which no restraint or self-government is needed. The holiday is felt to consist in a suspension of rule; and, when the rule thus suspended is that which the position of a servant "in business" or the condition of a slave or a machine "at home" imposes, there is not unfrequently a total surrender of the life to what is called freedom, but which is in fact abject subserviency to the passions and unbridled instincts of a rebellious nature.

Those who think happiness can be secured in this way are grievously mistaken. It is not happy to be "free from restraint of any kind and able to do exactly as one pleases." Even when no harm comes of the exceptional liberty, the state of mind which supervenes upon the withdrawal of authoritative influences is one that very quickly nauseates.

The possessor of a character—so called—which has been built up slowly and perhaps insensibly by circumstances cannot be at his ease when the support of his habitual surroundings is withdrawn.

In striving to provide the young with moral stamina, it is doubtless well to endeavor as strenuously as may be to implant "principle" of conduct in the mind, which is a very different thing from charging the memory with maxims of personal and social morality.

It is nevertheless indispensable to train by example and the surroundings of an orderly life; and hence there must come a time when the young mind is placed in peril by the withdrawal of these influences. This is the critical period of youth. Every age has its crisis, and this is the turning-point of the young.

Even in the commonest concerns of the day and the most simple and ordinary elements of conduct the really wise man will see that he has a reason for all he does or intentionally leaves undone. He is the slave or dupe of his animal instincts and appetites who acts otherwise. There is no opportunity for this self-discipline like that provided by the annual holiday; and not a little regret may be spared and comfort secured by embracing it.

Holiday-life should afford a complete change and relief from the monotony of routine, but it need not and ought not to be without method. Wherever there is a purpose there must, in reason, also be a method. It is not rational to strive for any object as one who beats the air.

The annual holiday has a twofold purpose—relaxation and recreation. Relaxation does not imply the withdrawal of all and every support for the mind and character; and recreation is obviously a process which requires more than common thought and method for its accomplishment. This is a very important matter to understand; and it would be well if some attention were bestowed upon it instead of leaving the whole business to chance.

There is a widespread and very mischievous mistake about "recreation." It is not amusement, although amusement is often one of the ways in which a weary or exhausted mind may be recreated. It signifies the revival of spirits and energies and the restoration of strength—in short, a creation again of the stores of mind and body force which have been used up in work. To recreate, we need to know what it is precisely that has been exhausted; and then comes the task of devising and applying such a change with such new circumstances as may call forth the energy of repair in body and mind, so that the being, as a whole, may be benefited.

It does not require any elaborate argument to show that method of a very sufficient and often very high order is indispensable to the task of "recreation," whether for ourselves or others. As a matter of fact and experience, holiday-life requires more than common method to be really useful.

Unless the force of principle is very strong in the mind, it is not safe to throw up the rudder-lines, even for a brief period. Nor is there any sufficient reason for doing so. It is quite as easy to be free and happy under a firm grasp of self-government as when feeling what is called "free and easy."

The mistake we make begins in the error of supposing that "an utter absence of any restraint" is essential to a pleasant holiday. That which jaded human nature requires is not to be turned loose on the world, but to be taken out of a particular mill-horse path, relieved of a special set of harness, and conducted wisely and carefully into new pastures.

EDUCATION, in its true sense, must have two distinct aims—to inform and develop the mind, and to inspire and influence the heart. The success of each of these depends largely upon the success of the other; and upon their united and harmonious action will depend the strength and excellence of the character and the purity and value of the life. All knowledge is like good seed—it cannot be too highly prized or too widely disseminated; but to realize its possibilities it must be placed in fruitful soil prepared to receive and to vitalize it.

A BEAUTIFUL person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body, and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A grovelling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness.

No man who has reached the age of threescore years and ten would, upon reflection, be willing to rub out from his experience in life the sorrows which have softened his character, the mistakes which have taught him wisdom, or the wrong-doings which he has ever regretted, and which, by their influences, have made the golden threads which it is reasonable to suppose have been formed in the texture of his moral character.

PERSEVERE in whatever calling you adopt. Your progress may be slow and results seemingly meagre; but that is no reason for growing fainthearted. Remember how the little brook persistently winds its way to the river, and the river to the ocean—both reach their destination.

He who makes a baseless insinuation against a neighbor's integrity or honor is guilty of an injustice which is atrocious and monstrous in comparison with the petty depredation of the despicable thief who breaks into his granary and surreptitiously carries away his corn.

SELFISHNESS, though refined, is still but selfishness, and refinement ought never to interfere with doing good in the world as it exists. It is not desirable to appeal early to this feeling, or perhaps ever directly to cultivate it.

WE celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds.

TO THOSE who are employed and busy time flies with great rapidity. Life is tedious only to the idle. Nothing is more monotonous than the ticking of the clock to him who has nothing to do but listen to it.

BOUGHT wit is best, if not bought too dear—that is, if we do not obtain it at the expense of health or reputation, or at too great a sacrifice, so as to prevent the enjoyment of the acquired good.

IT IS well to hope for success, but it is much better to deserve it.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

P. A. L.—A whimwham means a whimsical thing; a trifle; a gimcrack; also a whim; a freak. The word is rarely used.

KYRLE D.—It is customary to return the New Year cards with similar ones, although it is not absolutely obligatory on the one who receives them.

ELECTOR.—In Switzerland, every male between the ages of twenty and sixty-five is obliged to vote, unless he be a pauper, criminal, or a bankrupt. These have not the right of voting.

DIGESTION.—Eggs are far more easily digested when whipped fresh than when boiled, because the albumen is not so soluble when coagulated by boiling before it is eaten. Most persons can take them.

R. J.—Copal varnish is generally used by artists for finishing their pictures, although some prefer what is known as mastic varnish, while others employ wax varnish. Any of these may be obtained from a dealer in artists' materials.

CONSTANT READER.—Chronologers have divided the time since the Creation into ages of various lengths, making in all 9,250 years. The date of the year marks the time that has elapsed since Jesus Christ was upon earth—1892 years.

TREVOR.—Pain in the left side after hurrying is not necessarily indicative of heart disease. It may be due to stomach disturbance or loss of "wind." If you are uneasy about yourself, get a doctor to examine your heart with the stethoscope.

DISPUTANT.—The Cobra di Capella is perhaps the most dangerous of the snake species—its bite is deadly—but the Puff Adder of South Africa is equally venomous. The latter is the more sluggish creature of the two, but when roused darts at its victim with fearful rapidity.

ROMOLA.—Toasts and sentiments are quite out of fashion now. Except at public dinners, where there are standing toasts that have to be drunk, no one thinks of such a thing. You will find what you want in most popular song books, generally at the end.

CLARICE.—Old shoes are popularly supposed to be lucky. The throwing of rice is a custom borrowed from the East, and signifies that the throwers wish the happy pair prosperity and an abundance of the good things of this world, especially a goodly proportion of olive branches.

R. B. D.—Judging from the young man's actions, there is no doubt he loves you dearly, but being naturally bashful, can express that love only through the medium of a letter. You cannot force him to make a proposal in any other manner, and must therefore rest content.

BONNY.—"On parole" means that a promise has been given, and the person having given it is on his honor not to say or do what he has promised not to. It is generally used in speaking of prisoners; a prisoner of war on parole has given his word that he will not attempt to escape, and is allowed certain liberty in consequence.

MINNIE.—The following mixture may be used for softening the hands: Boil together until thoroughly mixed, half a pound of soft soap, one gill of salad oil, and one ounce of mutton tallow. After the boiling has ceased, but before the mixture is cold, add one gill of spirits of wine, and a grain of musk. Before going to bed anoint the hands, draw on gloves, and let them remain until morning.

YOUNG.—The term "false eloquence" may be applied to a style of composition in which a passing effect is produced by influences which are not perfectly true in their action. Thus sometimes the sight of emotion on the part of an orator will so captivate an audience that it may be carried away by his eloquence; but immediately afterwards it will be discovered by those who reflect critically that the effect was not due to the speech, but to the tricks of pathos by which it may have been accompanied. True eloquence is an affair of composition as well as delivery; and, either from natural talent or as the result of elaboration, the words spoken are well chosen, deftly combined, and, above all, are expressions of ideas which in themselves have an element of sublimity or thrilling earnestness.

ROVER.—The province of Buenos Ayres approaches so nearly to a plain, that most of the rain which falls is either absorbed or evaporated. The climate, though on the whole a healthy and agreeable one, is yet by no means steady or uniform. Every wind has, to a remarkable degree, its own weather—saltiness coming from the north, freshness from the south, moisture from the east, and storm from the west. Besides the periodical heats of every summer, successive years of more than ordinary drought sometimes occur, as in most hot climates. Agriculture is followed chiefly in the more temperate and humid districts on the eastern coast, while in the interior are pasturage facilities for countless herds of horses and cattle. From this circumstance the business of grazing occupies and interests the bulk of the population. Immigration from all parts of the world has not only been tolerated by public opinion, but also encouraged by legislative enactments, facts which have been principally taken advantage of by Englishmen. Buenos Ayres is the largest, most populous, and most flourishing of the provinces which constitute the Argentine Confederation.

THOSE EYES OF BLUE.

BY E. E. C.

'Tis only a ringlet of hair,
Tied with silken fillets of blue;
But dearer to me than rubies or gold,
Its wealth is uncounted, its value untold,
For she bade me to keep it and always be true,
Yes, true to those bright eyes of blue,
Oh, 'twas only those bright eyes of blue,
And that winsome glance and sweet smile,
And my heart throbbed fast
When those brighe eyes met mine,
'Twas only those bright eyes of blue.

'Tis only a myrtle-grown mound,
'Neath where the broad elm-boughs bend,
But under that mound all my hopes are interred,
In chorus of angels her voice is now heard.
My life is a burden—I'm waiting the end,
I'm lonely, and death seems a friend.
Oh, 'twas only those bright eyes of blue,
And that winsome glance and sweet smile,
And my heart throbbed fast,
When those bright eyes met mine,
'Twas only those bright eyes of blue.

Freda's Holiday.

BY C. R. L.

SHE had successfully coached her three pupils for the Cambridge exam., but at a cost to herself, which only those who have done similar work can thoroughly realize.

They were good, docile girls, but poorly supplied with brains, and every fact had to be drilled and ground into them again and again. But given an ambitious mother who could not endure the thought of her offspring being left behind in the race, and it will be easily understood that they were not allowed to fall out of the ranks; but coaxed, bribed, and otherwise invited to persevere till the goal was won.

"Dear girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Floreston. "They deserve some reward for their industry. I fancy they all look a little tired, and out of sorts. Is it only my fancy?"

"Oh, no. Marian complains of headaches, Elizabeth is feverish, and Isabel talks in her sleep, and is frightfully restless," replied their governess, drawing her hand across her own forehead.

"Ah! they have colds: everyone does in this changeable weather. Pray don't take up the popular cry of too much brain work, Miss Rayne, because I do not believe in it. What one girl can do all can, if they are properly trained. I am very pleased with their success, and give you credit for your part in it. If you stay with me next year, I must contrive to give you a small addition to your salary."

"If I stay?" thought Freda Rayne. "Can I undergo another twelve months of such drudgery? I feel worn out already."

But Mrs. Floreston was still talking.

"Yes, I must certainly do something to mark this event, and encourage my dear, good girls to further efforts. I think I will give them that long-promised trip to Paris. What say you, Miss Rayne?"

Freda's heavy eyes began to sparkle.

"I think it would be delightful!" she cried, enthusiastically.

Mrs. Floreston nodded, and smiled.

"I thought you would approve of the plan. It will be such a thorough change for all of us. Paris is always charming, and one can have amusement without being dissipated. Then it will be an excellent opportunity for buying our spring dresses; and one can pick up new ideas on so many subjects, and perhaps attend a few lectures or classes."

To all of which Freda cordially assented.

To put aside the lesson-books for three weeks or a month, and to pass that month in one of the gayest cities in the world, would indeed be charming.

She had spent a couple of years on the Continent to perfect herself in music, but it was betwixt the high walls of a school in a dull German city; and Paris was still an unknown region.

"When do you think of starting?" she inquired.

Mrs. Floreston, who was turning over the leaves of a "Bradshaw," answered promptly:

"Whatever I do I like to do quickly. The girls may begin their packing at once. Let me see, to-day is Friday; I know no reason why we should not start on Monday. The house can be re-painted and papered while we are away, which will spare us all the annoyance of unpleasant smells, and stumbling against workmen.

Freda Rayne was tripping out of the room to carry the glad news to her people, when a question from Mrs. Floreston arrested her.

"By-the-by, what do you propose doing with yourself while we are away? Spending the interval with your friends, or will you stay here and avail yourself of the opportunity for a private study? It would be as well to look over the subjects you will have to take up next term."

"Then I am not to go to Paris?" said Freda, unable to keep the ring of disappointment out of her voice.

"My dear Miss Rayne, it would make the trip so much more expensive. A double-bedded chamber and one sitting-room would not suffice if I take you. As it is, I am afraid it will be ruinous. Besides, it will be so much nicer for you to make your arrangements quite independent of ours."

To this the half choked Freda disdained to make any reply. Mrs. Floreston knew that she had no friends in England. The relatives of her dead parents had emigrated long since to Australia, and her only and younger brother was finishing his education at a German college.

"If you decide on staying here," Mrs. Floreston went on, "I shall feel much more comfortable about the house. Cook and Sarah can then have a fortnight's holiday, and leave the charwoman, Mrs. Grimes, in charge. She is quite capable of cooking you a chop or a little fish, and you would be able to see that all the furniture was properly covered before the painters began."

But Freda was gone to shut herself in her room, and cry over her mortification. She was but a girl herself, and a very weary one—brain and body suffering from the strain imposed by her arduous labors. And how were they about to be rewarded?

By a half promise of a small addition to her salary, and permission to share the deserted house with Mrs. Grimes, the charwoman.

"I'll not do it," she exclaimed, rebelliously. "I neither submit to be treated as a kind of upper servant, neither will I open a book as long as my pupils are away. If I may not go to Paris—I'll go—yes, I'll go—somewhere!"

But where? Freda's purse was never well filled, for she always sent a portion of Mrs. Floreston's quarterly payments to her brother. The interest of the few hundreds produced by the sale of her father's effects defrayed the expenses of Fred Rayne's education, but left nothing for pocket-money, so the loving sister economised and denied herself to supply it.

She counted over the few pounds in her possession, and sighed, and shook her head, yet still repeated that she must and would go away. Temper had something to do with the decision, and yet it was a wise one, for the overtasked governess was in danger of breaking down altogether, and nothing but a rest would prevent it.

Freda languidly opened her wardrobe, and examined her last summer dresses. Could they be made to do for the coming one?

After all, they were not so very shabby. A few alterations, some fresh trimmings, and——

She shut up the wardrobe, and strolled into the adjoining room, where the brisk housemaid was pulling travelling trunks out of a closet.

"Sarah, can you tell me where to spend a cheap and pleasant holiday?"

"Seaside, of course, miss. But lor', 'taint the right season; 'tis too early in the year, and you'll find it horful dull, or else there's Brighton, or Southsea—military bands always play on the pier there. Or there's Yarmouth—jolly place, Yarmouth; kill you with laughing at the colored minstrels. Or Margate. Ain't I had many a pleasant day at Margate! But, after all, give me Gravesend and Rosherville Gardens. That's my preference."

"But not quite the place to which you would go alone," said Freda, smiling slyly at the recollection of the smart life-guardsman, whose duties never seemed to stand in the way of his acting as escort when Sarah had a day out.

"That's true, miss. I shouldn't like it myself, and it would never do for a young lady like you to go wondering about with nobody to take proper care of you!" And the maiden, who could boast of a scarlet-coated fiance, glanced compassionately at the maiden who hadn't one at all. "You must have society of some sort, and so I should say a boarding-house—small and genteel, you know—would be the place for you."

"Would it?" queried Miss Rayne, doubtfully.

"Now I've just remembered," Sarah went on, "that there's a cousin of my own, leastways, of my father, that keeps one at Dover. Ever been there, miss? My! the hills and the cliffs are enough to frighten you, but wonderful pretty to look at; and the shops are good, though the streets are narrow."

"But about this cousin of yours, Sarah?"

"Well, Miss Rayne, she's as clean as a new pin, is Martha, and cooks beautiful; and always manages to keep her rooms full, and her head above water. And very particular, too, not to take in any of them foreign riff-raff, that's always coming over in the French steamers."

"If she is so well supplied with boarders, it would be useless applying to her, or else I believe I should like Dover well enough."

"But I was speaking of the season, miss," replied Sarah, unwilling to lose a chance of benefiting her relative. "Of course, no one ever expects to do much at this time of year; and if you're serious, I'm willing to write to Martha, for I'm sure she'd take you in to oblige me, even if she had to give up her own bed to do it."

Freda, laughingly disclaimed any desire to take so unkind an advantage of Mistress Martha's willingness to favor her kinswoman; but having ascertained that the widow's terms were moderate, she accepted Sarah's offer.

The letter was written that evening, and a reply came just before Mrs. Floreston and her daughters started on their travels.

Mrs. Martha Craggs happened to have a vacancy which Miss Rayne could fill if she came at once; but the demand for apartments was so great, that it could not be kept for her more than twenty-four hours, so she must wire if she wished to secure it.

Freda smiled to herself at the stiff and consequential tone of Mrs. Craggs' note, but she could not afford to renounce the chance of comfortable quarters, so the telegram was dispatched, and the affair settled before Mrs. Floreston was apprised of her governess's intentions.

She shrugged her shoulders as she listened.

"Rather a wild freak, this of yours, Miss Rayne, isn't it?—to go rushing off to a strange place when you might have stayed quietly here, and worked up those subjects in which I am sorry to find you somewhat deficient."

"Do not you think a change may be good for me as well as my pupils?" asked Freda, as good-humoredly as she could.

"Oh, certainly; but I should have thought the long rest I am enabling you to have, would have done quite as well, and proved less expensive. However, you know, or ought to know, your own business better than I do."

And with this they parted; the Florestons traveling by first-class to Folkestone, while Freda squeezed herself and her modest luggage into a crowded third-class, feeling very forlorn, and scarcely able to keep back her tears, though she kept reminding herself that she had shaken off the trammels for a whole month, and was going to have a thoroughly enjoyable, invigorating holiday.

* * * * * *

When London was fairly left behind, her spirits began to rise. A large family party nearly filled the compartment; but her vis-a vis was a lady who appeared to be traveling solus like herself. Young and well dressed, with remarkably bright eyes sparkling through her veil, she first attracted Freda's notice by the restless anxiety she evinced every time the train drew near a station.

From behind the newspaper, with which she shaded her face from the sun or the observation of those who were waiting on the platforms, she kept furtive but eager watch, twice swinging the door open, as a quick step approached it, to admit some one who did not appear after all.

"I am afraid you find me intolerably fidgety, she said, at last, when, by one of her hurried movements; Freda's umbrella and wrapper had been nearly thrown out of the carriage; "but I am expecting my husband to join me, and as we contrived to make some blunder over the trains, I am in danger of missing him unless I keep a sharp look out."

Freda's polite rejoinder led to a little desultory chat, and the loan of a small flacon of eau-de-cologne to the stranger, who complained that a railway journey always gave her the headache, and was looking so pale and ill as to evoke the pity of her fellow traveler.

In taking the flacon out of her bag, Freda dropped an envelope, on which she had pencilled Mrs. Craggs' address, and as it was immediately snatched up by the child who sat next to her, she might not have discovered her loss if her vis-a-vis had not seen the little boy pick it up, and insisted on its being restored to its owner.

After a struggle and a roar, the child gave way; but the paper, having been used to wrap up some very sticky toffee, was in no condition to be returned to Freda's bag or pocket, and she congratulated herself that she had retained the address in her memory.

"All but the number," she said aloud; "but I suppose Mrs. Cragg, Wallston Terrace, will suffice."

"You are going to Dover? To stay there? I wish my husband would come. He knows Dover so well. I dare say he would be able to give you any information you require. Ah, here he is!"

And almost before the train stopped at a junction, a very dark young man, muffled up like an invalid, sprang into the carriage, and unceremoniously dislodging a couple of children, slipped into the seat they had been compelled to vacate.

The mother and nurse looked daggers, and muttered angrily at the intrusion; but the husband and wife were too much absorbed in each other to notice the ill will they had provoked. While they talked in half whispers, Freda buried herself in a book, and scarce looked up till the white cliffs of Dover were in sight.

Then both her new acquaintances addressed her, the husband making a hardy apology for his abrupt entrance, and the wife thanking her for the immense relief the eau-de-cologne had given.

"Don't think me impertinent if I ask you whether you are going to join any friends down here," she added. "You spoke as if you were not well acquainted with the place, and as you are alone, we shall be so glad if we can be of any use to you."

Freda began to feel the awkwardness of being an unprotected female, but thanked the speaker warmly.

"I am alone, certainly," she said, "having come here for a change and a rest; but have secured a room with a person to whom I have been recommended; so I dare say I shall do very well."

"Wallston Terrace is near the sea, and the locality is respectable," said the husband; "but if you feel at all nervous about being left to your own resources, pray don't hesitate to say so. My wife and I intend waiting at Dover for a relative, now in Belgium, to join us, and have nothing to do but amuse ourselves."

"Don't let us go to an hotel, Herbert," pleaded the wife; "I do hate those comfortless places. If Wallston Terrace is nice, and lodgings are to be had, why should we not go there too?"

"As you please," he replied. "For myself, I like hotel life, but if you prefer apartments, I have no objection; and this young lady may be able to tell us whether we can be accommodated by the same person to whom she is going."

"Ah! that would be delightful," his wife exclaimed. "I always dread the long dull mornings I have to pass through, while you are fishing, or talking to the boatman."

"And so you propose to inflict yourself on a generous stranger!" he laughed. "Really, Annie, this sounds very selfish, and I ought not to allow it; but if your heart is set on Wallston Terrace—why, to Wallston Terrace we will go; and we can give Miss—Rayne, did you say?—thanks—Miss Rayne a seat in our fly. Then you can be sure that no extortionate cabman is preying upon her."

Mrs. Craggs looked surprised, but not displeased, when three persons arrived at her door instead of one. She had just witnessed, with regret unspeakable, the departure of the father and three daughters (West Indians) who had wintered with her, and to have the vacancies, filled up so soon, if only partially, made the widow's careworn face brighten.

With fewer inquiries respecting references than she generally made, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Brown were received into her modest establishment.

And very modest it was. The dining and drawing rooms were tolerably spacious and the latter possessed a wide glazed balcony, commanding plenty of sunshine, and a bird's-eye view of the Admiralty Pier; but the bedrooms were such mere cubicles that, when Freda and the Browns met at dinner they laughed over the difficulty they had found in fitting themselves into such small spaces.

However, Mr. Brown consoled himself that it would not be for long; his wife declared that she should not mind it at all when she had learned to avoid brushing her elbows against the drawers and the washstand; and Freda was more amused than annoyed at the novelty of Mrs. Craggs' menage.

The fellow boarders consisted of two elderly ladies, both widows, and their brother; they were austere and reserved;

he was bald and deaf; they attended every service at the most ritualistic church in the neighborhood, and devoted their leisure to tracts; these they carried wherever they went, presenting them to the shopman where they dealt, leaving little packets on the pier, and in the bathing machines, and not unfrequently standing at a window for an hour that they might intercept the butcher's boy, and supply him with antidotes to the marbles and buttons they had seen him manipulating at a street corner.

Their brother was a sore trial to them, as they confided with deep sighs to Freda, while pressing into her hand a packet for reading on the beach; for he obstinately persisted in subscribing to the Field, and other papers of the same description; they did what they could to counteract the mischief, slipping leaflets into the papers when they cut them for him, and often putting one with a startling title where it could not fail to meet his eye, but as yet without effect; and his deafness rendered it impossible to argue and expostulate as they would otherwise have done.

"Who can wonder that they are widows?" apostrophized Mr. Brown. "What ordinary man could have long endured such a course of matrimony?"

And he wickedly revenged his sex, not by declining the good ladies' packets, but by begging for more and yet more, sometimes for his own reading, sometimes for a party of Flemish sailors, or the blind beggar near the boathouse, till their stock was nearly exhausted, and their suspicions aroused.

Except at dinner, Freda saw very little of Mr. Brown; he confined himself to his chamber during the early part of the day—his chest was so delicate, his wife said—yet he did not keep his bed, for Freda could hear him moving about his tiny chamber; nor did Mrs. Brown seem to think him imprudent if he stayed on the beach or the pier till a late hour, no matter what the weather might be.

Still, this did not concern Freda Rayne. For two or three days after her arrival at Mrs. Craggs', she felt so languid and unwell as to fear she had made a mistake in coming to Dover, and to wonder anxiously what she should do if those unpleasant sensations culminated in an illness.

However, they gradually passed away; the stroll down to the beach became a pleasure instead of an effort, and at the end of the week she was able to climb the Castle hill, and meditate rambles to all the picturesque spots within walking distance.

Not unfrequently Mrs. Brown was her companion, and Freda, who had no penchant for solitude, was glad of the society of a woman young like herself, pretty and intelligent.

Mrs. Brown had seen more of the world than the little governess, who found her descriptions of persons and places very amusing, yet it often happened that by some flippant remark she would surprise and even shock the girl who had been listening so delightedly, and after accompanying her once on a shopping expedition, Freda declined to do so again.

To see her turn over half a tradesman's stock, give endless trouble to his assistants and then merely purchase a reel of cotton, or some other trifle, made her companion both sorry and ashamed. And to be told, with a careless laugh, when she ventured a remonstrance, that she was "too particular," did not reconcile her to Mrs. Brown's want of consideration.

For nearly a fortnight after Freda's arrival at Mrs. Craggs', there was still, as the latter pathetically remarked, a couple of vacancies in her little circle; but one morning she announced that a gentleman who had been recommended to her had arrived late on the preceding evening.

Everyone felt a little curiosity to behold him, but he did not appear at dinner, and it transpired that he preferred to occupy a small sitting-room that opened into the hall—a room so small, close, and dreary, that Mr. Brown, peeping into it, laughingly declared that he should retreat to it whenever he was seized with a fit of misanthropy.

"Is the man ill, that he avoids us?" asked Mrs. Brown, with a startled air.

"No, only studious and shy," she was assured. "He tells me he reads and writes a great deal, and I tremble for my curtains, for he seems to smoke a great deal also."

"Shall we politely invite him to join us?" Mrs. Brown asked, after a pause. "As he is a stranger, and a shy one,"—the laugh with which she said this sounded rather forced—"it would be only kind to do so."

No one seconded the proposition, and when the lady began to speak again her husband silenced her with a frowning look. As she was the only person who had evinced any interest in the new boarder, nothing more would have been heard or seen of him, if Freda, discovering in the course of the evening that the servant had omitted to post her letters, had not put on her hat and run to the post-office with them herself.

On her return she noticed that the little parlor was in darkness, and, apparently, unoccupied, but on drawing nearer she perceived that the window was partly open, and someone seated just within.

This dimly-seen figure moved as she ran up the steps. Was he watching her, and why? There he stood, bending forward, for she could hear his deep breathing while she waited impatiently the coming of a servant to admit her.

"Apparently, the unknown is inquisitive, as well as shy," she carelessly observed, when she joined the Browns on the balcony. "Else why does he sit in the dark, and play the spy upon comers and goers?"

Mrs. Brown uttered a faint exclamation, for which, however, she accounted by saying she had hurt her foot against one of the tubs of evergreens with which Mrs. Craggs adorned her balcony, and she looked so pale when they returned to the drawing-room, that her husband insisted that she should go to bed.

Knowing this, Freda was very much surprised when, just as she had commenced undressing, a tap at her door heralded the entrance of Mrs. Brown herself.

"Pooh! my foot is easier, and I am too wakeful to sleep yet. So I have left Herbert smoking his last pipe out of the window, while I came to offer my services to you. Do let me brush out your hair, dear Miss Rayne; it is so abundant and beautiful, that I often long to dress it, and it will give me an excuse for a gossip. I do so want to tell you, or rather ask you, something."

"Is it of much importance? for I warn you, I am very sleepy."

But Freda's smiles died away as she saw how troubled a face her visitor turned towards her.

"It is this man who has come here that worries me," Mrs. Brown told her, in an excited half-whisper. "I shall know no peace till I have discovered who he is."

"But why?" was the very natural inquiry put to her.

"I will tell you, and then you will pity me. Before Herbert and I were married, I had another—admirer, with whom perhaps I flirted; and he knows Herbert is awfully jealous, and revenges himself by—by following me wherever I go. Oh! I am so miserable!"

"But you are not sure that Mrs. Craggs' new lodger is this very foolish and mischievous person," she was reminded.

"True; and this is what I want to ascertain, but how? I dare not ask the servants or Mrs. Craggs to describe him. What would they think of me?"

"I suppose you could easily learn his name?"

"But he has probably given a false one. Oh! my dear Miss Rayne, could not you find out for me what he is like? whether he is young or old, dark or fair, and all that sort of thing? You are so quick-sighted, so inimitable at description, and it would be such an immense relief if I could be assured that he is not my persecutor."

"I would willingly do anything to oblige you," Freda replied; "but I feel, as you do, the impossibility of questioning anyone in the house, and I still hope you are mistaken. But even if you are not, you are under your husband's protection; and as long as this man continues to seclude himself, he cannot be accused of annoying you. Should he attempt that, appeal to Mr. Brown, who will give him the sound thrashing he deserves."

"But think of the fuss—the scandal!" sighed Mrs. Brown. "If I could but be certain that it is not he!"

Freda was sympathetic, but unable to advise, and not sorry when her visitor went away.

By her own showing, Mrs. Brown had been to blame; and only by the exercise of much wifely caution and prudence, must she expect to be able to avoid the consequences of her indiscretion.

At the same time there must be something so unmanly and vindictive in the nature of the man who thus revenged himself, that Freda cast vicious glances at the parlor door as she passed it on the morrow. No one was visible at the window, over which, however, the curtains were carefully drawn. Was he lurking behind them?

She was still musing over Mrs. Brown's story, when she went into a shop to get some pencils for a sketch she was attempting. The assistant was too busy to attend to her, for he was endeavoring to understand the requirements of a German gentleman, who had asked for a certain kind of writing paper; and when requested to describe it, had done so, unconsciously, in his own language.

Pitying the perplexed salesman, Freda went to his aid; and it is difficult to say which was the more grateful, the man or his customer, a tall blue-eyed Teuton, robust and well made, though a slight stoop gave him the aspect of a student.

He politely insisted on being allowed to carry the young lady's drawing materials to the place she had selected for her sketch, talking pleasantly the while; but he was not intrusive. As soon as he had spread her shawl on her rocky seat, he bowed, and withdrew to the shelter of a boat at some distance, where, with his book and pipe, he was still lounging when Freda went home to her lunch.

But later in the day, returning from the pier, she found him on the doorstep. He was the tenant of the little parlor, the mysterious boarder, and she ran to find Mrs. Brown and assure her she could have nothing to fear from this frank, gentlemanly foreigner.

"If I could be sure that it is not a disguise," was the hesitating reply. "A beard, did you say? It may be a false one. Did he ask you any questions?—respecting us, I mean? Could you not—without seeming to do so, of course—ascertain his motives for coming here? You are very clever, Miss Rayne, and intelligent, and he would not suspect——"

But the color had deepened on Freda's cheeks, and she was holding herself erect in a very uncompromising attitude.

"I regret that I mentioned my rencontre with this gentleman," she said. "I certainly cannot play the part towards him you are suggesting."

And, for the first time, Freda found herself wishing that she had not drifted into any intimacy with her fellow boarders.

* * * * * *

After this, need we say that Freda Rayne was careful to avoid the new boarder, who continued to hug his solitude? She could not help encountering him at the door, or on the beach; a vainer person might have suspected that he timed his movements so as to secure the bow, and interchange of remarks on the weather which were all that he obtained. But this idea had not presented itself to the little governess, who could not forget that, in spite of his honest face and agreeable manner, he might be the rejected lover Mrs. Brown professed to dread.

For a couple of days the Browns migrated to Folkestone, coming back loaded with small chases, trifles that were tossed to the servants. Mrs. Brown protesting, with a laugh, that she did not know why she had bought them, but pouting, and even sulking, when Freda politely declined to wear the handsome bracelet clasped on her arm.

Nor would she accept it, though told with a sob, "it was bought for you; I want to have something to give you." Mrs. Brown was very likeable, as an ordinary acquaintance, but to accept valuable presents from her was out of the question.

So a slight coolness arose, and Freda took her constitutionals alone, and never found a seat kept for her at dinner or luncheon, between the husband and wife. She was therefore surprised to be met by Mrs. Brown, as she was walking home in the twilight from a week-day service.

They met in a quiet square, and a long kiss was pressed on Freda's lips.

"But where are you going?" asked her astonished hearer, when a sob impeded her utterance.

"Anywhere. I don't know; I don't care. Herbert has had a telegram. That foolish visit to Folkestone has done the mischief; we thought to avoid the fellow prying upon us, and—oh, Heavens! there he is!"

It was nothing unusual for the German to be strolling in this direction, about this hour; but now he was not alone. A stiff-built, rather soldierly looking Englishman was talking to him, as side by side they came slowly to where Freda and Mrs. Brown were standing.

With a moan of terror, the latter thrust a small roll of papers into her companion's hand, then dived down an entry leading towards the town.

To follow her was impossible, and hiding her perplexity as well as she could, Freda pursued her way to Mrs. Craggs', passing the German so swiftly that she did not see him make a gesture as if to detain her.

The drawing-room was deserted when she entered it, wondering whether she should find Mr. Brown there. The widowed sister had gone to the station to make inquiry respecting a box of tracts that had failed to reach them, and their brother had fallen asleep over his newspaper on the balcony.

But the lamp was alight, and standing under it, Freda opened the roll of paper Mrs. Brown had thrust into her palm. To her indescribable astonishment, it consisted of bank-notes for various sums, from five pounds to fifty; but she had barely satisfied herself that her eyes were not deceiving her when a masculine hand descended upon them, crushed them into a small ball, and they disappeared into the breast pocket of the German's coat.

Indignant that he should have stolen upon her unawares, she was commencing a dignified remonstrance, when a softly-breathed "Hist!" and a significant glance towards the door made her turn in that direction.

A servant was ushering in the stiff-built Englishman; her mistress was out, but would he wait till she returned?

"I don't think I can wait. You must get a lamp or a candle, please," he answered, "for I want to have a look through the house, and I may have a few questions to put to you, unless this young lady can give me the information I want."

"I!" and Freda retreated from the dictatorial speaker. "What have I to do with you?"

"Beg pardon, Miss—Rayne, isn't it?" and he referred to a notebook; "have no wish to make things unpleasant for you, but I am Inspector Sercher, from Scotland Yard, and I've reason to believe that a man named Simson has been staying here lately."

"No, no!" Freda interrupted.

"Simson," the inspector repeated, "alias Nokes, alias Herbert Brown, and I have a warrant for the arrest of Simson and his wife on the charge of forging and passing very clever imitations of bank-notes."

Freda's head swam; she could scarcely collect herself sufficiently to answer the few queries put to her, and she realized that her replies, monosyllabic and reluctant though they were, tightened the chain of evidence against the wretched couple, she burst into an agony of tears, exclaiming:

"It cannot be true! She, at least, could not have known."

But the detective's incredulous shrug was not needed, for in her heart Freda felt that the wife must have been as guilty as her husband.

The German fetched her a glass of water, and was holding it to her lips, when Inspector Sercher left the room to investigate the chamber occupied by the criminals whom he yet hoped to secure, though, thanks to the warning given by a confederate, they had at present escaped him.

Freda pushed away the hand that held the glass, crying, reproachfully.

"Then you have been here as a spy, and you have the forged notes. Cruel that you are, will you produce them?"

"Ach Himmel!" he whispered, "it is defeating the ends of justice to confess it, but I have had no such intentions. Not for worlds would I have had them found on you, therefore I rudely grasped them; not for the worlds would I have them found on me, therefore——"

With amazing celerity the smart stove ornament was slipped aside, the notes laid on the top of the shavings that filled the grate, and a vesuvian applied to them. By the time Inspector Sercher had finished putting together the papers, letters, etc., the Browns had left behind them in their hasty flight, only a few ashes remained of those terrible evidences of their guilt.

"But why, may I ask, my most dear and respected Miss Rayne," was asked of Freda, when she was calm enough to listen, "why have you called me by the ignominious name of spy? Can you possibly think I have had aught to do with this would-be capture beyond answering the questions the policeman insisted on putting to me when I met him an hour ago?"

"You behaved strangely; you shut yourself in a room from which you could watch everyone who entered or left the house; you came here—oh! tell me why you came here?"

"To make myself known when I could find courage enough, to the sister of my friend and pupil, Frederick Rayne," was the startling reply. "My name is Mayer—Hendrich Mayer. Has he never spoken of me in his letters?"

"Often and often—that is, he sings the praises of his tutor; but you, sir, you are too young to be the Herr Mayer he loves and reverences."

"Alas, it is true that my appearance is not in my favor. It is too youthful," the German responded, gravely. "I regret, but I cannot alter it. Time, and time only, will do that, but I assure you that when I put on my glasses and my sternest aspect, the students of my class know I must be obeyed, and am implacable, if they are idle."

Then he proceeded to tell Freda that business had brought him to England, and he had promised his pupil that he would not leave London without calling on the sweet sister, whom he knew already by the letters and photograph Fred had shown him.

Learning at Mrs. Floreston's that Miss Rayne was at Dover, he had followed, and obtained a room at the same house, then, seized with a fear that he had acted too hastily, had hesitated to declare himself, and thus incurred suspicions he had done nothing else to observe.

"I shall return to London to-morrow," Freda declared. "This place is hateful to me now.

She kept her word, and one of her travelling companions was Inspector Sercher. The culprits had contrived to evade him, and the only tidings Freda ever had of the Browns conveyed in a letter she received soon after leaving Mrs. Cragge's.

"I hope," it said, "those flimsies did not get you into trouble, but I was so frightened I did not know what to do with them. Don't judge me too harshly. Think what a life mine is! I love my husband dearly, and am always afraid for him more than for myself. We meant to make use of you when we went to Mrs. Cragge's. We knew no one would suspect you, even if you were detected in passing a forged note; but, after all, Herbert wouldn't, and I couldn't. God bless you, dear Miss Rayne, and make you a happier wife than I am."

Freda shed many tears over this note, and felt more thoroughly unnerved than before she started for her holiday. But Herr Mayer must have followed her to London immediately, for he called at Mrs. Floreston's with a thirty-third cousin he had found out—a delightful old lady who, on seeing how forlorn the young girl looked in the house given over to whitewash, soapsuds, and workmen, insisted on carrying her off to her own pretty villa near Richmond.

The consequences may be foreseen. Mrs. Floreston will have to find another governess, for Freda—happy Freda—is going to Germany to superintend the household arrangements of Herr Hendrich Mayer.

DO PARROTS THINK?

A parrot owned by a family of my acquaintance will furnish several of the anecdotes which, one almost fancies, go to prove the thinking powers of his tribe, but the first incident is, I must admit, only a curious coincidence. His master had tried for a long time, as the appropriate season drew nigh, to teach him to say, "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you!" but the bird, although wonderfully intelligent and docile as a rule, was upon this occasion obstinately silent and his master gave up the task.

But on Christmas Eve some friends called at the house, and as they entered the parlor, the bird, to their delight, but to his master's astonishment, saluted them with, "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you!"

The guests were quite ready to declare that this was the most sagacious of all recorded parrots, and might even have believed that such a phenomenon possessed the ability to study the almanac.

This particular parrot is fond of boxing the dog, an amusement in which many of his race appear to take a real pleasure, and which seems strongly to support the idea that they can think.

This bird could imitate his master's voice and whistle to perfection, and was evidently proud of his power, which was curious, as he was so afraid of his master, or was, at any rate, so shy in his presence that he would never speak if the gentleman could be seen.

Did the latter, however, but step behind a curtain or door, Charlie, as the bird always calls himself, would rattle away merrily, but stopped at once if his master showed himself.

Carlo, the dog, may be basking in the sun, or snoozing harmlessly in a corner of the room, when suddenly, and quite of his own accord, the parrot will shout so exactly in his master's voice sometimes to deceive the family: "Hie, Carlo! Cats!" The dog leaps up, rushes furiously into the garden, looking fiercely round for the intruders; then, encouraged by fresh cries of "Cats! Cats! Seize them, Carlo!" The moment he has done this, the parrot, with a wonderful change to his master's sternest tones, calls out: "Come back, Carlo! Come back, you naughty dog!" Carlo slinks back, ashamed and frightened, evidently expecting to find his owner awaiting him with a cane. Now, this looks like something more than "a parrot-like repetition" of certain acquired words.

Another bird in my circle is equally fond of "chaffing" his fellow house-mate the dog. In a very different tone from that employed to the poor Carlo when "cats" were referred to, this one will whistle and say patronisingly: "Gyp, poor old Gyp! Does Gyp want to go out?"

The dog, delighted at the prospect of a run with his master, is invariably taken in, frisking and dancing about, and looking wonderingly around in search of the supposed speaker; but of course is always disappointed. This trick is played by the bird over and again, always with the same success.

This particular parrot is not at all like the last as regards shyness in his master's presence, for this one, either from his own impudence, or, as is more likely, from his mistress having indiscreetly used the phrase, will often say, when she sees the master put his hat on: "Now, Harry! get out!"—meaning no doubt, in the wife's mouth, that the gentleman had no time to spare.

I do not suppose that the bird has any such thoughts as this, and if she had been regularly taught the words, there would be no great marvel in her using them. What makes it odd is that she has not been so taught, and never utters them at any other time. It will be argued that the bird only does it from associating the words with the action of her master putting on his hat; but even then, does not this involve something uncommonly like thinking?

This parrot could also dance the polka, or what she considered was the polka, and proud she was of this accomplishment. You could not please her more than by asking her to show off her steps; and it was amusing, and odd too, to hear the bird, when she was covered up for the night, practicing her dance. Whether she did this to improve herself, or because she liked the exercise, or from no logical cause whatever, there is no telling.

I must not forget one anecdote of our friend Charlie, which is perhaps the most curious of any I have to record. There were two young boys, brothers, in the house; and their mother, Charlie's mistress, was in the habit of calling them by name Reginald and Albert, using certain familiar contractions when she did so. It was no wonder that Charlie caught these up; but what will be said of such an application of them as the following? The bird, as with most parrots, was not allowed water in his cage; so, when thirsty, he would call in what may be termed his own voice: "Reggie! Reggie!—Reggie or Bertie!—Charlie wants some water!"

Charlie has a great fondness for the paste of which pie-crust is made, and this being known, he was often treated to a piece. He naturally looked for this; and when forgotten, he would invite himself to have some, in the form of words which had doubtless been used by his mistress; he would say: "Charlie, do you like paste? Will you have a bit?" This would be said in the voice of his mistress or her daughter; he would then add in quite a changed tone: "Oh, rather!"

I am inclined to fancy that parrots learn, and perhaps understand, phrases relating to eating and drinking almost sooner than any others. One of my feathered acquaintances was in the habit of inviting visitors to take refreshment. "Won't you have a cup of tea? Do have a cup of tea," she would say; and sometimes it was really awkward, as almost compelling the mistress to extend her hospitality to visitors for whom such an invitation had not previously been intended.

This bird was also fond of saying "Good-bye!" and never said it at the wrong time. When a visitor was about to depart, he or she would be startled by a voice from a personage hitherto unseen, saying: "Well, good-bye! good-bye!" If the parrot did not know that this was the proper thing to say, and that this was the proper time for saying it, I am no judge of parrots.

This bird had been taught to count up to six; but she could rarely say the numbers all in order. She often missed one, not the same figure, however; three, four, or five were, but only one at a time, her usual omissions. She was always conscious that she had made a mistake, and on "skipping" a figure, would give a shrill comical whistle and begin again. Some kind of thought and calculation must have passed through her mind during this performance.

CAST-OFF CLOTHING.—What becomes of the cast-off finery of wealthy women? Some have poor relatives who gladly appropriate it; others give it to their servants; others, again, send supplies to charitable institutions. But these instances of generosity are rare, for the modern woman has not so much money as to find more repugnant. A second-hand clothier inserts a notice in a newspaper that he will pay large cash prices for cast-off garments in good repair. Madame drops a post-card in the morning, and the following day a good-natured Jewess calls, and, after bargaining, buys everything she can lay her eyes on.

Hats, veils, plumes, collars, discarded bustles, limp corsets, soiled ribbons for neck and belt, shoes and slippers that have stretched too big, stockings and gloves that are a season behind the fashion, petticoats that need a binding, disabled parasols, fans, night-dresses, and under-clothes that have become tiresome, steel jewelry, buckles of jet, pearl, and ivory, belts, reticules, portemonnaies, and any kind or style of dresses that are whole, together with wraps, shawls, mucks, cloaks, and outdoor garments.

The purchaser, who sees a regular gold-mine in the pile, gives her from five to ten dollars for the lot, and asks permission to come again in six or twelve months. And now for the disposition of these gaudy raiments. The shoes are very usually well-made goods, and as they are but slightly worn out or out of style it is not hard to sell them. The dresses are cleaned, slightly altered, and sold to the girls who frequent those places for the finery they find it impossible to get elsewhere. Kid gloves are mended and cleaned, feathers and ribbons are similarly treated, and where it is not possible to clean light dresses, shawls, or jackets, they are carefully brushed, cleaned up, dyed black, and sold as next to new to people who do not care about fashions.

BUTTERCUPS.—Most people fancy that this bright little flower takes its name from butter itself. The history of its name reveals a different origin, however. In old English this flower was known as the "button-cop," which means simply "button-head," in allusion to the round button-shaped flowers. The word cop meant head in old English, but it has now been superseded by cup, and the old meaning has been wholly lost. Button gradually degenerated into butter, until every one now says "butter-cup." This is a peculiar instance in which the common name of a plant suggests its own origin, but suggests it falsely. The buttercup was once known as "gold-cop," or gold-head," and "king-cop," names which are still preserved in England in "gold-cup" and "king-cup." The buttercup is a native of Europe, where for centuries it has been held in much esteem. It was once worn by lovers at their betrothals, and in more classical history its golden color was dedicated to Hymen. The buttercup was introduced into America many years ago, and has now became a weed. The double garden variety has long been cultivated. When eaten it leaves a harsh, bitter, and acrid sensation, often so intense as to produce serious poisoning. In fact, it is a common notion in many countries that the pretty buttercup is poisonous to cattle. Certain it is that cattle seldom eat it unless it is dried in hay, when its poisonous properties are lost.

A DIAMOND HOLE.—The diamond is a brilliant thing, but the place it comes from is dismal enough. A traveler recently from South Africa gives an account of the crowds of the diamond seekers who poured in after the first discovery. The mine is situated in the midst of a plateau, high, wide, and barren, and consists of nothing more than "an enormous hole nine acres in extent." This hole is about four hundred feet deep, and visitors seldom descend into it on account of the dirt and danger. It is from this disagreeable aperture that the gems are brought which glitter and sparkle upon the persons of lovely women.

MR. FICKLEBY: "Do you know, Miss Dewitt, you looked charming at the ball the other night." Miss Dewitt: "Nonsense! I don't believe it." Mr. Fickleby: "Oh, but you did. Actually, I didn't recognize you at first."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In the Indian camp on the Grand Ronde river, Wash., there are 17 marriageable Indian girls, some of whom want white men for husbands and shun the idea of marrying one of their own race. The father of one of these girls offers an inducement of 200 head of good horses to some white young man that will marry his daughter. The old Indian states that any husband of a white fellow will do, providing he is a young man of good character and address, and able to provide his wife with a good home.

A gospel barge, the gift of a wealthy New Yorker to Bishop Walker, of the Episcopal Church of North Dakota, is to be launched at Bismarck, Dak., soon. It is to be called the Missouri Missioner, and used for Christian work in towns and camps along the Missouri for a distance of more than 500 miles. It is 68 feet in length, 20 feet in breadth. The Bishop hopes, with this barge church, to reach many people who could not otherwise attend divine service, and it is to be used for general Christian work of every kind that the region calls for.

If accounts are true, Daniel Tobin, of McKeesport, has had more than his share of bad luck. Two years ago he was called upon to attend the funeral of his sister, who had met her death from drowning. A few months later, while away from home, he received word that the family residence had been burned to the ground, and that his father had been burned to death in the flames. Last summer he fell from the roof of a house and broke his leg. The limb was not properly reset, and he is, therefore, lamed for life. A few days ago he was accidentally struck in the arm with an axe by a friend, forever destroying the usefulness of that member.

Thomas Hamilton, of Kansas, says singing sands are found in many parts of the United States, but squeaking sands are not so common. There is only one place in this country where the squeaking sand is found, and that is a small plain in South Colorado. The singing sand emits a musical sound only when dry, and loses this property on being dampened. The squeaking sand, on the other hand, is silent when dry, and squeaks best and loudest when moistened. The sound it gives forth is by no means loud, but somewhat resembles the squeaking of an arm chair. It sounds when rubbed between the fingers or placed in a small bag and violently struck, but the cause of the sound is a mystery.

In certain affections of the throat, such as acute pharyngitis, catarrh of the eustachian tubes, with pain in the ear, a Swiss confrere says that he obtains excellent results from making the patients yawn several times a day. It produces, it seems, almost instantaneous relief; the symptoms rapidly subside and the earache disappears. Frequently the affection is cut short by this novel treatment. Yawning produces, as every one knows, a considerable distention of the muscles of the pharynx, constituting a kind of massage, and under this influence the cartilaginous portion of the eustachian tube contracts, expelling into the pharynx the mucosities there collected. According to M. Nagell, yawning is much more efficacious for affection of the tube than the methods of Valsalva or Politzer, and is more rational than the insufflation of air, which is often difficult to perform properly.

It is said that the Duke of Devonshire goes to sleep in the House of Lords. What else is he to do should that august house sit late, as it does three or four times a year? Besides, it is the custom to go to sleep in Parliament when you have a mind to. The rules forbid the perusal of a newspaper, a magazine or a book. If a peer or a member of Commons desires to read he must go to the reading room or the library. Therefore, when a bore is on his legs about 10 or 11 o'clock, and his diffuse and uninteresting commonplaces are running out in turgid verbosity, what better thing can a statesman do, asks a San Francisco paper, than go to sleep? When in the Lower House as Lord Hartington the Duke was a confirmed sleeper, with his legs against the clerk's table, his hat tilted down over his eyes, his mouth open and his arms folded, or balancing his body upon the seat. At times his Lordship was guilty of an approach to snoring. People who go to bed about 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning must take their sleep somewhere.

Our Young Folks.

MIDGET AND MADGE.

BY C. MORGAN.

I WAS Midget, and she was Madge. We were both exactly the same age, but you would never have thought it, for Madge was ever so much bigger than I, and most people—that is, those who didn't know—though she was about two years older; but she wasn't, and I used to tell them so whenever I could, for I never liked to be thought younger than Madge; in fact, it made me feel quite angry sometimes—which was very silly of me. Our real names were Margaret and Muriel.

Madge was Margaret—she was called Madge because it was shorter, and I was called Midget because I was so little; but I did not see at all why such a nickname should have been given me, and as soon as I was able to write my name I began to sign myself "Muriel Delorme," feeling very proud indeed of it. I was a very silly little girl, and was always trying to prove that because I was little that was no reason why I should be made to do exactly as I was told.

I think we must have been about seven years old when our dear mother died, and we were left in charge of our eldest sister Jenny, who was sixteen at the time.

Now Jenny was the dearest, sweetest girl who ever lived, but I, in my foolish pride, did not like being "ordered about," as I termed it, and often naughtily refused to do as she told me.

That summer was the brightest, sunniest one I ever remember, and we all went to spend our holidays on Dartmoor.

Both Madge and I were intensely fond of animals; it is quite funny to look back and remember the keen delight we felt when a herd of cows passed us, or a flock of sheep came winding slowly over the plain. But our greatest joy was to creep quietly up behind the moorland ponies dozing peacefully in the sun, to startle them with a great shout, and to see them jump up and scamper away as fast as their legs could carry them.

There was one brown pony I used to watch every day with the greatest interest: he was such a frisky young thing, he would rush about, throwing up his heels in the air, and tossing his head, as much as to say—"See what a merry fellow I am! don't you envy me?"

And indeed I did! How lovely it must be, I used to think, to be a pony, to gallop about all over the moors, with never a bit or a bridle; with no big sister to tell you what you must do, and, worse still, what you must not do.

But the next best thing to being that brown pony must be to ride on his back. Oh, how I should love it! and I would do it too, some day. I would have a delightful ride over the moor on "My Brownie," as I had named him.

Shall I tell you why I was so anxious to ride this particular pony? Why, just because I had been told not to! Yes, I am quite ashamed of myself now, and I am sure you are thinking what a very naughty girl I was, but that is the real truth of the matter.

"Brownie is a vicious animal, Midget dear," Jenny said, "and I had rather you did not go near him, for I am almost sure he would throw you if you were to try to get on his back."

"I am quite sure he wouldn't," I answered. "He is a dear; and you don't know anything about him. You think because I am little I am afraid, but you are mistaken. It is Madge who is afraid; I don't care for anything!"

"Well, dear, I wish you would wait till father comes, then you will see what he says; but until then you really must not go near Brownie. Promise me, Midget." But I would not promise; what did Jenny know about it?

One bright sunny morning I awoke rather earlier than usual. The birds were singing in their very gayest, sweetest tone, chirping so merrily round the window that I really thought they said to me—"Come out and play with us, Muriel"—not Midget, for the birds were far too polite to call me by that ugly name.

I listened to them for some time in a dreamy-drowsy sort of way, and at last I felt so certain they were saying "Come out and play," that I jumped up, and hastily dressing, ran out into the sunshine before anything else was astir.

Ah! there was Brownie, gazing quietly upon the hill-side. How pretty he looked, and what a lovely brown he was! What a silly idea that was of Jenny's that he could be vicious. Vicious! why, he did not know the meaning of the word. This was just the morning for a ride: there could not be a better; and thinking thus, I drew nearer and nearer to the unconscious pony.

Now, of course, the right thing for me to have done would have been to turn the other way, or to go straight home at once, but I did not; instead of that I walked nearer and nearer to the beloved Brownie, until at last I was just at his side. Stooping down, I stroke him gently, calling him endearing names the while; and he really seemed to understand me, for he pricked up his ears and looked at me so knowingly with his bright brown eyes.

"Will you give me just one little ride, dear Brownie?" I asked, almost expecting him to answer. "Just one little ride, you know; and you won't throw me, will you, dear? I am a very little girl, but I'm brave, for all that, and I do want to show them that I am not stupid because I'm little; so you'll be very good, won't you, Brownie, and give me just one ride?"

I thought he meant "Yes," though he could not say it; I was sure that little snort he gave sounded like it, so without waiting any longer, I seated myself on his back, and asked him very politely to rise. He did so at once, and commenced to walk leisurely along; but that would not do for me. I wanted a good gallop, and I struck sharply with a short stick I carried.

Off he started! I clung on to his mane with all my might, fearing every moment I should be dashed to the ground. On he went, over the sweeping moor, past hamlet, cot, and mound, tearing along like a mad thing, snorting, kicking, leaping!

How the trees and the cottages flew past!—how everything seemed to be racing everything else!—how wild it all was, and what a strange game we were playing! But where was my courage now? How I clung to the pony, screamed, and wished myself at home again!

At last I could hold on no longer, for my fingers were stiff and all my limbs were aching. My grasp slackened, and with a thud I fell to the ground.

"It's the little miss from the big house up there—the tiny one as they calls Miss Midget," I heard a rough voice say, and, opening my eyes, I saw the face of a man I had often met about the lanes. I did not wonder how he came there, but just closing my eyes again, I seemed to have a most wonderful dream. I thought I was walking over the moor, and a great crowd of ponies came galloping out of a wood.

They are all exactly like Brownie, excepting that they could talk, and he couldn't, and they all began to chatter together, and I thought they said: "So this is the brave little lady, is it, whom we have heard so much about? Oh yes, she is very brave, she thinks, but it is better to do good; she is not good, so we will all run over her"; and then they came darting towards me all together, and laughing as loudly as ever they could; and I thought all the trees, and the hills, and even the dear little moorland daisies laughed too, and they made such a noise between them that my head ached with it, and all the time I was obliged to rush about to keep out of the reach of the ponies.

I was getting dreadfully tired, and at last I felt as if I must give in, and just then the front one of all made a great rush at me; then I gave a scream, and I heard a voice say, "Midget dear, it is getting so late—do get up"; and there was Jenny bending over me, and over on the hillside was Brownie, gazing just as quietly as when I had seen him before I dropped off to sleep again.

"What have you been dreaming about?" Jenny asked. "You've been calling out 'Gee up!' and 'Stop!' ever so many times, and Madge and I fancied you were riding Brownie."

"And so I was," I answered; and then I told them all about it, and they laughed very much. "But, Jenny," I said, "I think the ponies were right when they said 'it was better to do good than to pretend to be brave.' I think I will try it. I know I'm not a bit brave really, so I will try to be good instead."

They still call me "Midget," for I am not very big yet, but father says he would not change me for anybody else, so I don't mind a bit; and when anyone teases me for being such a mite, Jenny says: "Never mind, dear; we like our Midget just as she is. It is splendid to be little and good."

CONVINCED.—"What I see with my own living eyes, and hear with my own living ears, I can believe," was a favorite saying with an old lady who had little knowlege of herself, and less confidence in mankind generally.

Another woman, of a similar turn of mind went for the first time to the seashore. She gazed for a moment at the boundless expanse; then she marched directly to the water's edge, drew a small cup from her pocket, dipped up a cupful of the briny liquid, and swallowed a mouthful.

"Well, it is salty, ain't it?" she remarked, as she returned to her companions, still smacking her lips, as if to make quite certain of a fact that seemed almost incredible. "I never really believed it before."

GIRL-LIFE IN INDIA.

The day of her marriage she is put into a palanquin, shut up tight, and carried to her husband's house. Hitherto she has been the spoiled pet of her mother; now she is to be the little slave of her mother-in-law, upon whom she is to wait, whose commands she is to implicitly obey, and who teaches her what she is to do to please her husband—what dishes he likes best and how to cook them. If the mother-in-law is kind, she will let the girl go home occasionally to visit her mother.

Of her husband she sees little or nothing. She is of no more account to him than a little cat or dog would be. There is seldom or never any love between them, and, no matter how cruelly she may be treated, she can never complain to her husband of anything his mother may do, for he would never take his wife's part.

Her husband sends to her daily the portion of food that is to be cooked for her, himself, and the children. When it is prepared she places it on one large brass platter, and it is sent to her husband's room. He eats what he wishes, and then the platter is sent back with what is left for her and her children. They sit together on the ground and eat the remainder, having neither knives, forks, nor spoons.

While she is young she is never allowed to go anywhere. The little girls are married as young as three years of age; and, should the boy to whom such a child is married die the next day, she is called a widow, and is from henceforth doomed to perpetual widowhood—she can never marry again.

As a widow, she must never wear any jewelry, never dress her hair, never sleep on a bed—nothing but a piece of matting spread on the hard brick floor, and sometimes, in fact, not even that between her and the cold bricks; and, no matter how cold the night might be, she must have no other covering than the thin garment she has worn in the day.

She must eat but one meal a day, and that of the coarsest kind of food, and once in two weeks she must fast twenty-four hours; then not a bit of food nor a drop of water or medicine must pass her lips, not even if she were dying.

She must never sit down nor speak in the presence of her mother-in-law, unless commanded to do so. Her food must be cooked and eaten apart from the other women's.

She is a disgraced and degraded woman. She may never even look on at any of the marriage ceremonies or festivals. It would be an evil omen for her to do so. She may have been a high-caste Brahmin woman, but on her becoming a widow, any, even the lowest servant may order her to do what they do not like to do. No woman in the house must even speak one word of love or pity to her, for it is supposed that if the woman shows the slightest commiseration to a widow she will immediately become one herself.

HAPPINESS.—Most of the wrong-doing in the world comes from an uneasy craving for pleasure of some sort. The desire for revenge produces all kinds of malicious and hateful conduct; the yearning for gain suggests dishonesty, fraud, oppression, injustice; the appetite for sensual gratification leads to gluttony, intemperance, and vice. A state of true happiness would render these cravings impossible; the higher gratifications once thoroughly enjoyed, no room would be left for the lower. The great happiness of love annihilates revenge and malice; sympathetic pleasures extinguish selfish ones; pure and innocent recreations, cheerful society, and wholesome habits preclude the temptations to vicious courses. In a word, happiness, in its truest meaning and best forms, is the foe to wrong-doing, and in this sense it may be said that those who are happy are good.

ADORER: "Oh, how your words charm me! To think that you should daily discover more similarity between me and your sainted husband. May I ask how I resemble him?" Young widow, gravely: "You have all his bad habits."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Only one hailstorm in five occurs at night.

Mr. Lagerbeer is a resident of Topeka, Kansas.

Fish are reported to be always sold alive in Japan.

Kentucky has a Colored State Teachers' Association

St. Louis boasts of having the first lady advertising agent.

Bear steak figures in the daily menu of some London restaurants.

Lafayette, Ga., frogs are reputed to eat chickens and attack people.

Minnesota paid bounties to the amount of $52,000 last year for wolf scalps.

A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, 60 parts white and 30 parts yolk.

The name of a lake in Massachusetts is Chargoggagoggmanchauggoggagungamaug.

King's Mountain, N. C., boasts of a potato which weighs two pounds and a quarter.

A New Jersey man gives as a cure for hay fever the smoking of pine needles with tobacco.

Captain Schumacher, of Fullerton, Ill., claims to have a corn stalk which is 15 feet 9 inches high.

Four residents of Forsyth, Ga., succeeded in shooting nearly 5000 swallows one day recently.

Rhode Island is said to be the only Eastern State which allows base ball to be played on Sunday.

A letter addressed to Charles Smith K. Pan, was received at the Boston postoffice. It was sent to Cape Ann.

In a recent appropriation of nearly $3,000,000 for an Indian tribe, attorneys, claim agents, etc., got $700,000.

Eight nationalities are said to be represented in a choir of 16 little girls at St. James' Mission, New York.

A London journal is authority for the statement that 1,000,000 bonnets were sold in that city during one week recently.

There are said to be more bee hives in the United States, where there are 4,000,000, than in any other country in the world.

During service in a Westminster, Ct., church, a steer dashed against the green baize door and ran up the aisle with the door on his horns.

The Superintendent of Police at St. Louis has issued an order to the effect that every Chinaman in that city must be photographed.

The pension agency in Topeka is the largest in the country. It pays out annually $15,000,000 to the veterans of Kansas, Missouri and Colorado.

A conspiracy to rob five Chicago banks has been unearthed. The plan was to open accounts, deposit fraudulent checks and drafts, and draw out cash on them.

It is estimated that the total cost of the World's Columbian Exposition will be about $25,000,000—$7,000,000 of which will be paid by the holders of concessions.

Mrs. Anna Jack, of Farmington, Ill., was taken with a severe coughing spell some time ago, and a lump was ejected which is reported to have been a mass of common pins.

A resident of Indiana caught a young crane in the woods, near Hall's creek, recently. The crane was prevented from flying by a live mussel shell, which was fastened to its foot.

An Indianapolis, Ind., beggar, displays a queer sign, which reads as follows: "Help a blind cripple. Was run over by a baby carriage and struck in the eye with a parasol."

Madison, Ga., has a queer dog that has a complete figure of the moon and seven stars on one side of his head. The effect is produced by the different coloring of the hair in black and white.

The Humane Society of Detroit is doing something toward the prevention of hydrophobia or hydrophobia scares by placing small tubs about the streets to be kept filled with water for the dogs to drink.

Some little boys at Shelton, Conn., while playing circus, hanged one of their party as a horsethief. The performance was so natural that a physician exercised his skill half an hour before the lad recovered consciousness.

A New York "pen artist" has made a portrait of Cleveland in which all the lines and shadings are composed of written extracts from his speeches. The number of words used for this purpose is 13,000. They can all be read, though for some a magnifying glass is required.

A tight-rope dancer was performing at a music Hall at Rouen, France, some time ago, when the wire suddenly broke, and she fell from a great height on the conductor of the orchestra. He was so overcome by the shock that he fainted, and when he recovered consciousness was discovered to be deaf and dumb.

WHICH ROAD?

BY S. U. P.

If you could go back to the forks of the road—
Back the long miles you have carried the load;
Back to the place where you had to decide
By this way or that through your life to abide;
Back from the sorrow and back from the care;
Back to the place where the future was fair—
If you were there your decision to make,
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

Then, after you'd trodden the other long track,
Suppose that again to the forks you went back.
After you found that its promises fair
Were but delusions that led to a snare—
That the road you first traveled with sighs and unrest,
Though dreary and rough was most graciously blest
With balm for each bruise and a charm for each ache,
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

ABOUT HALLUCINATIONS.

An hallucination is simply a counterfeit sensation, an impostor masquerading in the dress of the reality, whose "get-up" is so admirable as to enable it successfully to personate the impression of a genuine object.

It may occur within the province of any one of the senses—within that of the smell, for instance, as exemplified in the case of the French poet who, when ill, was ordered by his doctor to anoint his temples with a certain soporific unguent, and who so heartily detested the peculiar odor of it that it seemed as if he could never get it out of his nostrils. He detected it everywhere; all his friends, he declared, bore traces of it; and so complete was the illusion that he ran away from any one who wore a new suit of clothes, which clothes, to his preternaturally acute nostrils, always smelled like the obnoxious ointment.

But visual hallucinations are the most striking, and of these innumerable well-authenticated cases are on record. A student was going to bed a few years ago when he accidentally turned up a letter received from a former college friend who was then dead. The letter set him thinking of his old chum, and he was thinking of him still when he extinguished his candle. He had scarcely done this when he heard himself addressed by the well-remembered voice of his friend, and at the same time felt his arm grasped.

Suspecting the nature of the visitation, he relighted his candle, and distinctly saw standing before him the form of the individual he had in his mind and by whom he imagined he had been spoken to. The figure beckoned him to the door and glided out, when he became giddy, and fell down in a faint. When he recovered consciousness the apparition had disappeared.

Another case remarkably similar is related. A gentleman, who had been engaged in reading during the evening, was about to retire to his bedroom when he chanced to see a letter on a side table. It proved to be an intimation to attend the funeral of the mother of a deceased acquaintance.

This led his thoughts to the painful history of the family of his friend, and, engaged in these reflections, he undressed and put out his candle, when he suddenly felt his arm grasped a little below the shoulder and forcibly pressed to his side. He struggled to free himself, exclaiming aloud, "Let go my arm," when he heard the words, "Don't be afraid," uttered in a low tone, and felt his arm released.

He thereupon relighted his candle, and, turning towards the door, saw before him the figure of his dead friend. He, after a momentary agitation, made a step in that direction, and at the same time the figure preceded, face towards him. It passed slowly downstairs, but stopped in the lobby, and the other got past it and opened the street door, through which the apparition passed, waving its hand by way of adieu.

These two instances may be classed amongst hallucinations induced by emotions. Others are the consequence of a debilitated state of the body, and either accompany convalescence or are premonitory of epileptic or other seizures.

An elderly gentleman, every time he was recovering from a slight indisposition to which he was subject, saw the figures of three pretty girls a little behind and to the right of him, sometimes dancing and sometimes standing still. They were invariably in the same relative position to him and to each other.

A lady recovering from illness saw the figures of two children moving about the floor; while another lady in similar circumstances saw a man standing in the doorway of her room. She had no doubt whatever that the thing was an illusion, but the man stuck to his post for nearly two months, moving aside when his victim—who in the end became reconciled to his presence—wished to pass, but always taking up his station again once this was done.

More curious was the hallucination under which a certain Scottish nobleman labored. Regularly every evening at his dinner hour the door of the room in which he was fond of dining alone was flung open, and an old hag—"like one of those who used to haunt the heath of Forres," he said—rushed straight at him, with a fearful scowl on her countenance, and struck him a heavy blow with her distaff. He believed in the reality of the experience, locked the door, in the vain hope of keeping her out, and went off on every occasion into a swoon.

His doctor laughed at him, and one evening proposed that he should dine with his patient. It was agreed, and the two went in to dinner at five o'clock. The visitor was late, and, as half an hour passed and she did not put in an appearance, the nobleman grew elated and merry. Suddenly his jaw fell; he looked to the door exclaimed, "She is coming!" and, putting his hands up as if to shelter himself from the blows, dropped back in his chair in a fit.

An English gentleman had an experience of much the same character. A little old woman in a red cloak used to run up to him in the most public and most unexpected places—in the street, in his study, in a friend's house, in his own bedroom—give him a hard slap on the cheek, and hobble off again. He was troubled with this imaginary little vixen for more than two years.

Grains of Gold.

The richest people are those who give the most away.

If there were no little sins there would never be any big ones.

Pray that you may not think evil, and then you will not speak it.

The man who looks at everything through money never seeks far.

The man who worships a God of his own imagination, worships himself.

The less a man amounts to the prouder he is of his ancestors being big people.

Man is never so unhappy as when he hates his brother, and never so happy as when he loves him.

Temperance means the right use of right things. There can be no right use of wrong things.

If sunshine had to be paid for, there are people who would declare that candle light could beat it.

Thousands of people would work like beavers in the church, if they could only do it in the front window.

Perhaps all men can not be successful, but every one can make up his mind that he will deserve to be.

If we believe right we will seek right, and if we seek right we will never make a prayer that will not be answered.

Aim to be happy five minutes at a time, and you will be surprised to find how easy it will come to rejoice all day.

Manner is one of the principal external graces of character. It is the ornament of action, and often makes the commonest offices beautiful by the way in which it performs them. It is a happy way of doing things, adorning even the smallest details of life.

Femininities.

Mrs. David Power is bridge tender in Chicago.

A woman of Lyons, Neb., has a nose 4¾ inches long.

It is allowed that after a woman has passed 90 she is proud of her age.

No books are so legible as the lives of men, no characters so plain as their moral conduct.

Frequent disappointments teach us to mistrust our own inclinations and to shrink even from vows our hearts may prompt.

A wicked bachelor says that no matter whom you marry, you will find afterwards that you have married a different person.

A statistician has calculated that a pair of rabbits would in four years have descendants to the number of a million and a quarter.

A woman 90 years old was buried recently at Winston, N. C. Her burial shroud was the dress in which she was married 70 years ago.

Mrs. Robert Morrell, of Hillsborough, Ill., was stung on the forehead by a bumblebee, and is reported to have died shortly afterwards.

The mother of the Rev. Robert Fulton Crary, of Poughkeepsie, is the only surviving child of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat.

Seven of the fifteen Revolutionary widows in the United States live in one Tennessee pension district, and four of them bear the good old name of Nancy.

Timid youth: "I have a poem and I want to see the editor." Office boy: "The editor is busy. I'll do just as well. I'm on my way to the waste-basket now."

Dumley, timidly, for he is behind with his board: "I—er—think, Mrs. Hendricks, that this milk is a trifle sour." Landlady, freezingly: "Jane, pass Mr. Dumley the sugar."

It is difficult for the belated clubman to realize that the towering female who stands at the head of the stairs is the timid little girl who once fainted in his arms at the sight of a mouse.

Dress, to be really beautiful, must fit the whole character and circumstances as well as the form; and its entire attractiveness depends upon the ease and unconsciousness with which it is worn.

"Miss De Trop had on the longest gloves last night that I ever saw. She buttoned them from her wrist to her elbow." "That's nothing. My girl buttons hers all the way from home to the theatre."

"I suppose it is something of a tribute to one's beauty when a gentleman rises and gives one his seat in a car," said Miss May Tare, somewhat proudly. "That depends," said Miss Keene; "in some cases it is a mark of respect for age."

When the rushing crowds on a city street are suddenly brought up standing by the handshaking of two old friends every body gets mad. When the blockade is caused by an encounter of two old foes everybody looks glad. This is a queer world.

There is a good deal of truth and philosophy in the remark made by a wit when he heard of the divorce of a couple recently married: "I am glad they married each other, for if they had each married somebody else there would have been two unfortunate couples instead of one."

Look out for the establishment of a yawning institute for sanitary purposes in the near future. Some medical scientists have announced that a prescription of so many yawns per diem has proved exceedingly beneficial in cases of acute pharyngitis, catarrh in the eustachian tubes and earache.

A good woman knows the power she has of shaping the lives of her children, and she endeavors to use that power wisely and well. She teaches her boys and girls that they must be brave in doing their duty, truthful in speech and action, honest and honorable, kind, cheerful and unselfish. By her own example she enforces and illustrates what she teaches.

Some Scotch workingmen hand over all their wages to their wives, who make them an allowance for pocket money. In the course of a newspaper controversy on this subject a thrifty matron stated that she allowed her husband one shilling and sixpence weekly out of his wages, with permission to spend a portion of it in taking a dram with a friend on Saturday night.

A woman of Omaha, Neb., went to Lake Manowa one day recently, and on her return missed a valuable diamond ear-ring. On the following day she returned to the lake, hoping to hear something of the missing jewel. A few minutes after her arrival she noticed the sunlight reflecting from some bright object on the beach, and it proved to be the lost diamond.

Some time ago a resident of Exeter, Me., killed a female loon, which at the time, he judged, might have young. Twelve days after he killed the mother, and as he was eating supper, one of the young ones walked into the house. He fed it, and the next morning he found another young one waiting for his breakfast. He has since fed them, and they stay around the buildings and are quite tame.

Masculinities.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.

There is no use quarreling with the milkman—he'll make you take water every time.

John N. Lott, 99 years old, of Kingston, N. Y., has been sent to the poorhouse by one of his sons.

Fisher Crotzer, of Montgomery county, Tenn., is 75 years old, and never voted but twice in his life.

George Arnold, who lives near Middleton, Conn., was crazed by a clap of thunder one day recently.

Jacob Claus, 82 years old, of Detroit, Mich., was divorced recently from his wife, who is 76 years of age.

Grand Rapids, Mich., has a man in the State Prison serving five years for stealing five pounds of pork.

He: "Is this the first time you've ever been in love, darling?" She, thoughtlessly: "Yes, but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last."

Flimsey: "I don't know how it is, but the smallest specimen of men invariably get the best wives." Mrs. F. (archly): "Oh, you flatterer."

A fishing party in Texas took the following with them: Six fishing rods, a loaf of bread, three cans of sardines, a frying pan, one towel, one bar of soap, 12 bottles and two jugs.

A will probated in the Surrogate's Court at Albany, N. Y., contains the following clause: "To my son Simeon I give the sum of 50 cents for the trouble he has taken to illtreat me."

"Yes, Claude, an engagement ring indicates that a young lady intends marrying; but in these fashionable times, Claude, it does not indicate that she intends marrying the one who gave it to her."

Time heals all wounds. Peter Markle, formerly of the United States army and for a long time in service with General Custer, was married recently at Rondout, N. Y., to a daughter of Sitting Bull.

Don't go prowling around a forest until you lose your way. It is quite a strain on the nerves to stumble over the skeleton of some fool tourist who was there before you, especially if darkness is coming on.

"Why, John—you here? I thought you said if I would not accept your proposal you would drown yourself in the deepest part of the sea." "Ah, Jane—did you think it such an easy matter to find the deepest part of the sea?"

In the Winchester public school, in England, the boys use the same schoolboy argot that was in vogue there five or six generations ago. This secret language has a name for everything in common use and also many verbs.

"Your husband," said the caller, sympathizingly, "was a man of excellent qualities." "Yes," sighed the widow, "he was a good man. Everybody says so. I wasn't much acquainted with him myself. He belonged to six lodges."

A wealthy Scotchman, intending to give to each of his daughters a legacy of her weight in £1 bank-notes, had an official of the Bank of Scotland to figure on the matter for him. It was found that the larger would receive $3,344 and the smaller $1,200.

In June a young man was killed in an accident at Bloomsbury, N. J. A family of Elizabeth, thinking it their son, claimed the remains, buried him, and collected the insurance money. On a recent Monday they were agreeably surprised to see their son return home.

The triumph of art over nature is illustrated in the fact that an artist recently made a painting of some beech trees in an old pasture that he sold for $200. The owner of the pasture parted company with his property at about the same time for $150, and called it a good sale at that.

"Young man," said the long-haired passenger to the occupant of the seat ahead, "do you know that I've never spent a dollar for liquor in my whole life?" "Really?" responded the young man, turning half way round, with a look of great interest on his face. "How do you work it?"

It is said that only one woman with red hair in twenty in civilized countries exists, so it will be seen that they are really a rarity. Some set the number at far less. A Spaniard with red hair is very rare, but is considered a prize, and if it be a woman she is considered a great beauty.

A London schoolboy brought to his teacher a letter from a physician stating "that this boy is unfit to attend school for 304 days." The long and exact period named aroused the teacher's suspicion, and he discovered that the doctor had written 3 or 4 days. The boy had changed it to 304 days.

The Rev. John H. Coleman, a Methodist minister of Troy, says that his father and his uncle are the oldest twins in the United States. His father is a farmer of Gloversville, N. Y., and his uncle is a Methodist minister of Fond du Lac, Wis. They are 92 years of age, have never been sick a day, and do not know the taste of liquor or tobacco.

HEADS AND TAILS.

THE trade in animals and their products is very extensive, and it will be thought curious that there are special trades carried on with the extremities of animals. The Heads and Tails have relative values. As food delicacies, the head of the calf, the sheep, the ox, the wild-boar and the domestic pig, are appreciated. So is the cod's head. The trunk of the elephant, and the mantle or loose covering of the nose of the great moose-deer or elk, are also dainties in some countries. Animal and human skulls are esteemed by the craniologist and for the cabinets of museums; and the savage head-hunter prides himself upon the number of skulls of his enemies he possesses. The mounted heads of animals adorn many entrance halls and rooms. The ram's head is occasionally converted into an ornamental mull or snuff-box.

In commerce, the collective name "head" is applied to other objects than the head of animals. A bundle of flax two feet in length, weighing a few pounds, is termed a "head." It is also a trade-name for the thirteen plates of tortoise-shell on the carapace of the hawk's-bill tortoise. The state of a deer's antlers, by which his age is known, is spoken of as his "head." At the present day, the oldest stags in Scotland, crown or royal stags, seldom present more than ten or twelve "points."

Passing now to tails. The ox-tail and the tail of the kangaroo are much esteemed for soup; and the tail of the beaver, which consists of a gristly kind of fat, is considered a great luxury when it is trapped. The brush of the fox is prized by sportsmen as a trophy, and is often mounted as an ornament. The broad and heavy tail of the sheep bred in Asia Minor, and for a long time common in South Africa, is not the least valuable portion of the animal. It is composed wholly of fat, which differs essentially from tallow or any other fat excepting lard. Its delicacy enables it to take the place of the butter for culinary purposes, and it is in many respects far superior, while also decidedly cheaper. Moreover, "tail's fat," as it is called, is as much an article of merchandise there as any other necessary or comfort of life, and a market unsupplied with it would be deemed poor indeed. It fetches a medium price between tallow and butter, and is almost entirely used by the natives instead of the latter.

One or two million squirrels' tails come into commerce annually; they are known as Calabar tails. The sable tails on mandarins' caps in China denote that the wearers are Tartars. The tails of the squirrel and ermine (sable tips) are esteemed for fur trimmings, and for making fine artists' pencils, being superior for this purpose to all other hairs. Many thousands of martens' tails are also imported. One species of marmot has a black tail eight inches long, or about half as long as the body. The ring-tailed monkey could a tail unfold, but it has no trade value. The point only of the tail of the ermine being jet black, is inserted at intervals into the prepared furs as an ornament. The ermine trimmings of the sovereign and royal family are not, however, spotted with the tail of the ermine, but with the paws of the black Astrakhan lamb, or other suitable black fur.

The bushy horse-like white tail of the yak, or grunting ox of Tibet, is much prized in the East, where it is used to brush away flies, and also as an emblem of authority. In India these tails are mounted on ivory or silver handles, and are called "chowries." State elephants are taught to carry one of these chowries in their trunks and to wave it backwards and forwards. Nearly ten thousand pounds was paid for these tails brought into India in 1800. The tail of the African elephant is used as a fly-flapper and an emblem of authority. The hair on it is stiff and smooth, of glossy black color, fourteen to fifteen inches long, the size of small iron wire, of a horny nature, very tough, and will bear to be doubled and tied without breaking—though some are brittle—and therefore useful for making braids to fish-hooks. Ornaments, as rings, brooches, etc., are made of them in parts of Africa and Asia.

The long hair on the tail of the horse is much valued for manufacturing purposes. A queue or tail of horse-hair, suspended at the end of a pike, terminated by a gilded pennant, is the emblem of authority of a Turkish pasha of the third rank; those of the first rank have three tails. The usage of these tails is of Tartaric origin.

The jackal's tail is much prized by the Metabele tribe in Africa. They wear a circle of them dangling from their waist-belt, and on their head a jackal's tail, so worn that it stands straight up on one side of the head at the same angle as an English cavalry forage cap.

In the West Indies, a rat-catcher is attached to every sugar estate, because the rats commit great havoc from gnawing the sugar-canes. A reward is therefore given for every dozen tails brought in; but negro ingenuity contrives to manufacture artificial tails. The imported mongoose, or ichneumon, in many islands, now take the place of the rat-catcher. The same fraud was recently carried on by a mole-killer in Switzerland, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for swindling the authorities. The destroyers of moles receive a certain sum for each; but they are not bound to present the bodies to obtain the reward, but only the tails. The man in question delivered no fewer than two thousand, and received a sum of twelve pounds. Surprised was felt at the number; and on close examination, a great many were found to be artificial, manufactured by gumming a strip of the animal's skin on a bit of wire covered with paper. Similar frauds were recently discovered in Australia, where large sums are paid for extirpating rabbits. A clever schemer found he could buy the skins cheap in the towns and sell them to a good profit to the stock-owner as the result of his own killing.

The tail feathers of many birds are in great request, such as those of the peacock, Argus pheasant, and eagle. Those of the common peacock are much used in China for fly-flappers, and are also a mark of rank conferred by the emperor for special services. The tail feathers of the golden eagle are worn in the bonnets of most of the Highland clans, and by Zulu chiefs in South Africa.

OF OLD LICENSES.

Says Glapthorne in his play Wit in a Constable: "The Dutch younker took her up into a what do you call it—a sedan." The word, like the thing, was then new to town's-folk, the sedan having just been introduced into London streets by Sir Sanders Duncombe, under a license he obtained in 1634, giving him the sole privilege of using, putting forth, and letting on hire, in London and Westminster and their suburbs, certain covered carriages, the like whereof being used in foreign countries, prevented the unnecessary use of coaches, with the multitude of which the streets were so pestered and encumbered, that many of His Majesty's subjects were exposed to much peril and danger; and the use of carts and carriages for the provisions of the two cities much hindered. Duncombe provided some fifty specimens of the sedan for the use of the public, who took quickly and kindly to the novel conveyances; although, when the Duke of Buckingham, a few years before, imported one for his own personal convenience, he was subjected to hearty vituperation for making beasts of burden of his fellow-creatures.

In 1671, Prince Rupert obtained the exclusive right of using an invention for converting into steel all sorts of iron wire, and all manner of edged tools, files, and other instruments forged and formed of soft iron; for preparing and softening cast and melted iron so that it might be filed and wrought like wrought iron; and likewise for tincturing copper upon iron in such a manner as seemed most in his discretion. Supposing the processes Prince Rupert desired to employ were of his own devising, no injustice was entailed in so privileging him for fourteen years.

There was similar justification, too, for Queen Anne securing Robert Pease, of Kingston-on-Hull, against others reaping the fruits of his ingenuity in concocting a soft soap for bleaching linen, which had the additional merit of being eatable; as it may have been good policy to encourage native industry by giving William Corr the sole right of making "lamb-black, not made before in England, much cheaper and better than any brought from abroad;" and allowing Jane Taster the monopoly of working her own invention for making flask-cases, and covering flask-glasses with flags, rushes, and straw, in imitation of those brought from Florence.

The pluckiest of modern promoters would flinch at attempting to float a company for whaling on the English coast; but very early in the century, Arthur Robert Corker, and Valentine Ennys, believed they could make a good haul that that way. Accordingly, in 1707 they prayed for the royal leave and license to fish and take whales, crampoes, bottle-nosed whales, and other large fish belonging to Her Majesty by virtue of her royal prerogative, on the north and south seas adjoining the counties of Devonshire and Cornwall; Her Majesty to retain the power to cancel the license at the end of two years, if they neglected to carry out their undertaking, or failed to succeed therein. The sanguine three got their license; whether they got their whales and other large fish is not recorded.

In 1706, Robert Aldersey was licensed to construct a floating dam to carry barges, lighters, and other vessels over the greatest flats and shallows of navigable rivers, his dam having received the approbation of several of the most eminent mathematicians. At this period the provision of lighthouses and beacons appears to have been left to private speculators, for in 1711 we find James Everard and his wife Rebecca the recipients of a license which was to endure fifty years—empowering them to newly erect, alter, maintain, and improve certain lighthouses and beacons upon Hunston Cliff, Norfolk, with lights to be kept continually burning therein in the night season, for the security of seafaring men passing that way. By way of recompense, the Everards were authorized to demand and take eightpence for every twenty chaldrons of coals, and every twenty tons of other goods in and upon all English ships; and one penny per ton of all foreign vessels passing by their lighthouses, and trading to and fro between King's Lynn and Boston.

Perhaps the most curious license issued in Queen Anne's reign was the following: "Anne R.—whereas we are fully sensible of the fidelity of John Ker, of Kersland, by and of the services he hath performed to us and our Government. We therefore grant him our Royal Leave and License to keep company and associate himself with such as are disaffected towards us and our Government, in such way or manner as he shall judge most for our service.—Given under our Royal Hand at our Castle of Windsor, the 7th of April 1707, and of our reign the sixth year."

DOING AND BEING.—Although it is a serious question with every one what he will do, it is even a more weighty and important one what he will be. What a man is underlies and determines all that he does, and, more than this, it decides the character of that large and wide-spread influence which continually emanates from his very presence. And what he is greatly depends upon what he looks at. No one is able wholly to control the influences that shape him—many of them are beyond his reach to withstand—but every one may choose which of them he will encourage, which he will cling to, upon which he will lay the emphasis of his life, upon which he will allow his thoughts to dwell. The influence of companionship, for instance, is a most potent one. We can never escape it. But we can select for our more intimate friends those who command our respect and are worthy of our confidence. There are some persons to whom we instinctively look up, and others upon whom we as naturally look down. Those whom we place within our constant view we grow to resemble, and so it comes to pass that "a man is known by the company he keeps."

OLD RELICS.—Thrilling with that curious pleasure which comes to those of us who are romantic when turning over the relics of the past, with what interest we handle old letters yellow with age, but still tied with the true love-knot ribbon; volumes of poetry with inscriptions of the enthusiastic sort, now out of date, written in an elegant hand on the fly-leaf, and with the tenderest verses! And suddenly, in the midst of our enjoyment, a thought will creep over us that makes our hearts stand still. The time must come—if we leave anything behind us—when gay young folk, whose grandmothers are yet unborn, will some day find a treasure in some queer old things they have discovered, and those may be our present best clothes—and the bonnet that was thought "a love" in Paris. They will peep into our letters and try to make love-stories out of them, and we—well, we shall be gone, as those are over whose relics we pore to-day.

A MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS!

"THE RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST."

CONSTANTINE MAKOVSKY stands at the head of art in Russia, and his great painting "The Wedding Feast," was awarded the highest prize at the International Exposition 1883, and is one of the celebrated pictures of the century. The artist has selected for his subject the bride's first appearance in society. The husband and wife are represented standing at the head of the table, and the guests and friends are merrily welcoming the young couple to the feast. The cups are raised to drink her health and happiness when the bridegroom shall have taken his first kiss. With drooping eyes and face covered with blushes, the bride, conscious that every eye rests upon her, is a picture of innocence and loveliness. Her guardian is by her side, filled with love and admiration as she unveils the bride. All the assembly manifest the utmost pleasure and interest in the event.

This is a picture which will appeal especially to those who prefer the portrayal of domestic joys rather than the splendor of war or the suffering of religious faith. It is a glimpse of real life into which the poetry of love enters deeply.

The Picture we offer, size of which is 21x28 inches, printed on the thickest canvas paper, is an exact fac-simile of the original, in magnificence of coloring as well as in all other respects. "The Russian Wedding Feast" was exhibited in Antwerp in 1884, and soon after purchased for $40,000, and brought to this country.

THIS PICTURE IN BEAUTIFUL COLORS HAS THE APPEARANCE OF AN OIL PAINTING, AND IS THE HANDSOMEST EVER GIVEN AS A PREMIUM, AND WE OFFER IT FREE OF CHARGE TO EVERY OLD AND NEW SUBSCRIBER WHO SENDS US $2.00 FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

ADDRESS—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Music" is one of the finest if not the finest magazine on this subject in the language. It is thoroughly high-toned, original and thorough in all its departments. Published at Chicago, Ill.

A SOLID HOME VIRTUE.—Economy is a virtue which is needed everywhere. No matter if persons are rich or have large incomes, they should be economical. To waste is wicked. There are better ways to spend money and goods than to waste them. It is the poorest use they can be put to. Many people would be economical if they knew how. It is an art to practise economy. To do it well one must know the art. All can have it if they will. It is an arithmetical art. It is the conclusion of numbers. All must live and ought to live well, but how to live best at the least expense is the work of figures to tell. We must count the cost of ways and means and compare them. Many people use expensive articles of food and dress when cheaper ones would be in every way better and more serviceable. Especially in regulating the table expenses is there a great want of economy. A little useful information concerning the qualities of food, the amount and kind of nutrition-matter they contain, the wants of the human system and the best way of cooking, would often save fully one-third, in many instances, half the expense. A wise economy in table expenses is favorable to health, and in this way saves time, drugs, expense, and doctor's bills, flesh, strength, and happiness.

MUSIC AND REPTILES.—Anecdotes about the intelligence of animals have of late been very numerous. Now comes a story of the musical taste of the lizard. A correspondent discovered some lizards living in the crevices of a sunny wall in Switzerland, and, upon experimenting, found that he could charm them with the strains from a musical box. Before he had finished the first tune a considerable audience had collected; and afterwards, whenever he played, out came the lizards. By assuming that these little reptiles have a slightly higher degree of intelligence than this correspondent credits them with, we may suppose that they did not come out to hear the noise from the musical box but to wonder what on earth could induce a grown person to take pleasure in listening to such mechanical harmony. They may have been saying to themselves: "It is astonishing that, if this man is really so fond of music as to grind this box for hours together, he does not spend a portion of his leisure in learning a decent instrument, such as the violin or even the French horn." And they may have appeared to gaze at him as upon a natural phenomenon.

DUST IN THE EYE.—When, in traveling, a bit of dust gets in the eye, it is best to remain quiet for a little, as the tears may wash it away; the flow of tears may be promoted from time to time by attempting to open the eye. Blowing the nose violently assists the operation. The head of a pin, covered with the end of a pocket-handkerchief, and moistened with saliva, may be moved about between the eyeball and eyelid, and will detach the intruder if not too firmly fixed. Another plan is to get a fellow-traveler to raise the eyelid with his fingers, and then gently wipe the red mucous membrane with a moistened pocket-handkerchief, or remove the foreign body if he can see it. A little piece of paper twisted to a point is useful. A drop of olive-oil or castor-oil introduced into the eye will often allay a pain and intolerance of light produced by a fine irritant, as sand.

MORTUARY CUSTOMS.—The Guatuso Indians of Central America live in considerable numbers in a single hut, and the village visited comprised about fifteen huts. The dead are buried in the habitations, and the earth covering the graves settles until it is about a foot below the surface of the floor. As time goes on the graves become less distinct, and finally they are completely obliterated. When a person dies the relatives wail aloud, crying "I am distressed." When a warrior is buried, his body is provided with certain feathers of two curassows, a bunch being placed in each hand, and for some time after death cacao is placed upon the grave, in order that the departed warrior may be supplied with drink.

JUDICIOUS HELP.—It is much easier to bestow money out of a well-filled purse than to take pains to discover the real needs of mind or character and minister to them by wise methods and in a delicate manner. It is much easier to supply the wants of a child than to teach him how to supply them for himself, and far easier to give him the results of our own labor than to train him in those habits of industry and perseverance which will enable him to reap the harvest of his own well-taxed energies. Yet the one is a positive injury, the other an actual good; the one cuts at the root of all human progress and happiness, the other cherishes and nourishes it.

THE RUSSIAN AND HIS FOOD.—The Russian eats on an average once every two hours. The climate and custom require such frequent meals, the digestion of which is aided by frequent draughts of vodka and tea. Vodka is the Russian whisky, made from potatoes and rye. It is fiery and colorless, and is generally flavored with some extract like vanilla or orange. It is drunk from small cups that hold, perhaps, half a gill. Vodka and tea are the inseparable accompaniments of friendly as well as of business intercourse in the country of the Czar.

THE PROLIFIC BANANA.—Of all the vegetables which furnish nourishment to man the banana is the most prolific. A single cluster often contains from 100 to 180 pods, and weighs from sixty to eighty pounds. Humboldt says that a piece of land of 120 square yards will produce 4,000 pounds' weight of fruit, while the same area will rarely produce more than thirty pounds' weight of meat or eighty pounds of potatoes.

A SEVERE strain has been put upon the congregational amenities in the Amenia Presbyterian Church. While the members still practice charity toward all men, they probably mix a little pepper with the portion intended for their pastor, who, by an awkward mistake, gave them a battery solution containing dilute nitric and sulphuric acids instead of wine for their communion drink.

MRS. LATEWEDDE: "What is this in this black bottle, mamma?" Mamma: "That? Oh, that's whisky. I got it to put on a strain." Mrs. Latewedde: "Is that whisky? Why, it smells just exactly like the stiff the barber puts on Henry's moustache sometimes." Mamma: "Did you ever see him put it on?" Mrs. Latewedde: "N-o, but that's what Henry tells me."

AURELIAN SCHOLL has figured it out, to his own satisfaction, that Ernest Guiraud, the composer, added four years to his life by declining to open letters. Among his effects 2000 unopened letters were found. On the average, argues M. Scholl, forty minutes would have been consumed in reading and answering each of these letters, to say nothing of the burden of care they would have brought upon the reader.

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

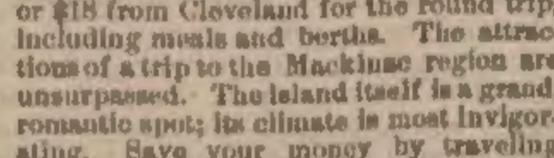
Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $13 from Detroit or $18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $3.25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making SURE connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

GUNS Revolvers, Rifles, SPORTING GOODS

ALL GOODS ON TRIAL ON EASY CONDITIONS. CATALOGUES FREE. Write at once to HOLLY WATCH CO., Jersey City, N. J.

ALL ABOUT GIRLS Rare book, 100 pages. Richly Illustrated. Postage, 10c. Globe Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER Containing nearly 300 advertisements (with residences) of ladies and gentlemen wanting correspondents. Copy in plain sealed wrapper 10c. HEART and HAND, 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhœa and all Female Weaknesses, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of brain, Self-abuse, over-indulgence. A month's treatment, $1, 6 for $5, by mail. We Guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for 6 boxes, with $5 will send written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guarantees issued only by FINNEMY, McCLURE & Co., Sole Agents, 106 Market St, Philadelphia, Pa.

TRUE SCIENCE AT LAST!

The leading medical practitioners, up to the present time, are all agreed that the practice of medicine cannot be considered a science in any sense. They claim it as an art. Knowing whereof I am speaking, I boldly affirm that within the past year, I have made a ROMA VIDI discovery that puts the treatment of chronic disease upon a scientific basis as solid as that upon which geometry and the higher mathematics rest. And what is infinitely more to the point, the discovery can be utilized in every home, whether farm or city mansion, with equally beneficent results since it is simply the absorption of Ozone by inhalation.

Now Ozone is admitted by all expert scientists to be the one all-important element to counteract disease; the mistaken notion of the graduated physicians that there are a multiplicity of diseases, each one requiring a different remedy, is being rapidly exploded by the triumphant theory that there is but one disease, namely, a lack of vitality that is generally felt by the weakest organ in the body, which weakness, if continued, congests and causes the gradual decay of that organ, resulting finally in death. Ozone is the greatest antiseptic in the Universe, and the only element that can arrest and cure that decay; by my discovery it can be had in any desirable quantity and can be used at home everywhere. All victims of disease should investigate with a view of ascertaining that my remedy has POSITIVELY cured cases parallel to their own. No remedy extant has such a magnificent record of so many different cures. References of absolute cures of

Hay Fever, Catarrh,
Dyspepsia, Epilepsy,
Suppressed or Difficult Menstruation,
Rheumatism, Leucorrhœa,
Bronchitis, Nervous Exhaustion,
Consumption, Tumors, Etc.,

can be had at my office and every physician who handles my remedy can testify that my claims are all perfectly justified by fact.

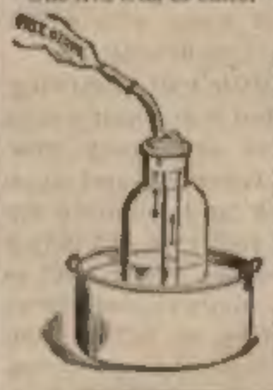
Beware of Cholera!

Unless you are fortified by Ozone inhalations you are in danger, but if

HELMER'S BI-OZONE CURE

is at hand you can laugh and snap your fingers at it. It spells health both backward and forward and if, in the language of a prominent writer (the editor of a magazine) it can "lift twenty years off his shoulders it can do the same for you and all others as well."

One free trial at office. Pamphlet free by mail.



N. HELMER, Chemist, 822 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

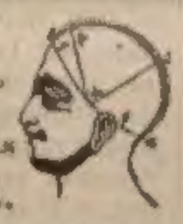
BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.

BRIDGEPORT OFFICE: Dr. H. M. DICKINSON, 139 Fairfield Avenue.

Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 207 East Broad St., Columbus, Ohio.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold by Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER, Oak Lodge Thorpe, Norwich, Norfolk, England.

Nov., 29, '86.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

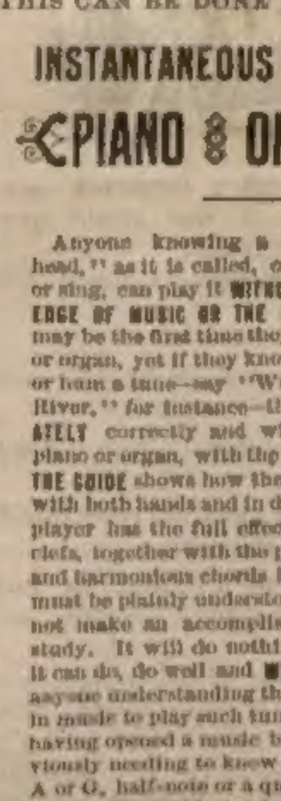
Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING. None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, $23 up. Want agts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.



HILL HE PAYS THE EXPRESS

The Latest LADIES' CHATLETTE 14K GOLD Double Plated.

WATCH, BUTTERFLY & SWIVEL To be worn on outside of garment. Latest and most fashionable design stem wind and stem set, guaranteed a perfect timekeeper. The cases are Genuine Coin Silver beautifully engraved and heavily double plated with 14 K. gold (cut shows face of case) and handsome 14K Gold Plated Butterfly and Swivel. Illustration is about four-fifth actual size of Watch and Butterfly. No Money required until after full examination. Sent C. O. D. on approval. We pay all express charges—if satisfactory you pay the express agent $4.87. Otherwise you do not pay one cent. If by mail send full amount and we will send the Watch and Butterfly registered. W. HILL & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, 201 State St. (formerly 111 Madison St.) CHICAGO, ILL.

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereas seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUR FUTURE REVEALED. Written prediction of your life, 10c. Give date of birth. Astrologer, Box 236, Kansas City, Mo.

PILES Remedy Free. INSTANT RELIEF. Final cure in 10 days. Never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. A victim tried in vain every remedy has discovered a simple cure, which he will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 20 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow-sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, with stamp, L. S. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

PUGET SOUND is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $350 per lot on EASY TERMS, Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the

FAIRHAVEN

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Humorous.

THREE STAGES OF LIFE..

First the fine, faint, dreamy motion
Of the tender blood
Circling in the veins of children—
This is life, the bud.

Next the fresh, advancing beauty
Growing from the gloom.
Waking eyes and fuller bosom—
This is life, the bloom.

Then the pain that follows after,
Grievous to be borne,
Pricking, steeped in subtle poison—
That is love, the thorn.

—U. N. Nonn.

Well Meant, but Awkwardly Put.

"So glad you haven't forgotten me, dear Lord Varicose. I was afraid you would after so many years!"

"Oh, no, Miss Evergreen. I never forget old faces!"

Can't scratch a match on their pants—dogs.

How much ground does a hen occupy at night?—A perch.

When you give a piece of your mind, take care that it is not the biggest.

To find the value of a dollar at any price, try to borrow one when you are hard up.

The most impudent of all things is a mirror, for it is continually casting reflections.

Stranger: "Why were you fighting with that boy?" Urchin: "Because I knew I could lick him."

"Do you believe all you see, Hicks?" "No; I see you whenever we meet, but I don't believe you more than a tenth of the time."

The old time parent did not wear out the little breeches of his son. They were carefully removed before the wear and tear began.

Why isn't a turkey like a girl? Because a dressed girl will walk about and a dressed turkey won't. And vice versa the other way.

Guest: "Well, good-bye, old man! and you've really got a very nice little place here!" Host: "Yes, but it's rather bare just now. I hope the trees will have grown a good bit before you're back, old man!"

"Ain't yer ashamed to be seen in der Tabernacle in sich raggerdy pantes?" said Whangdoodle Baxter to Jim Webster. "No, indeed, parson, I ain't ashamed. Dey don't belong ter me. What's I got ter be ashamed of?"

She: "Have you asked papa, Reginald?" He: "Yes." She, nervously: "What did he say?" He: "He didn't say anything, but I know he gave his consent, for he looked at me in a sort of a pitying way, don't you know."

Brace: "Among my dearest treasures is a watch my father carried when he was a yoong man.' Bagley: "Would you mind letting me see it?" "Certainly not; but it is temporarily in the possession of my—er—father's brother."

Guest: "Tell me candidly, waiter, why do you recommend lobster so enthusiastically?" Candid waiter: "Well, you see, if there is any lobsters left over to-day, we waiters will get them to-morrow for dinner, and we have had 'em on hand a week already."

"By the way, what has become of Bjackson? I haven't seen him for a good many years." "Bjackson? Why, don't you know? He went West fifteen years ago to make a name for himself." "A name for himself, eh? And did he make it?" "Oh, yes." "What was it?" "Dennis."

A beaten politician stated, as the reason for his defeat in a debate, that his opponent happened to state just the only thing which he was not prepared to meet. "What was that?" enquired a friend. "The truth," was the reply; "nobody ever heard of a politician stating the truth before."

A physician who lost his pet dog put a little notice in the paper, headed "Warning!" which charitably described the animal as having strayed. "It is of no value, not even to the owner; but, having been experimented upon for scientific purposes with many virulent poisons, a lick from its tongue—and it is very affectionate—would probably be fatal." The dog came back the next day.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

One of the prettiest materials now in vogue suitable for both indoor and outdoor wear is crepon, and the large variety of colors make it available for almost every need. It is light for home wear, and being so soft and flexible it is just the thing for the Russian blouse effects, often being made in two or even three well blending colors, of which moss or rush green is almost sure to be one.

There is a new fancy about to be put forward of fawn or gray crepon flecked with white, as though a fluffy snowflake had fallen here and there. Those flakes are tufts of silky white wool or silk, and no words could give an idea of such beauty achieved with such simple means.

An exquisite costume made of gray crepon, flecked with white, was finished last week by a leading house, and it will do honor to the streets of New York as soon as "the season" now drawing to a close is over. The skirt is entirely plain, but the back is laid in deep and ample plaits. The jacket is coat shape in the back. It falls away in front, disclosing a plaited shirt vest of cream white surah, buttoned with coral studs. The sleeves are puffed to the elbow, and there are rows of frosted silver buttons. Pearl gloves and gray hat, with coral colored ribbon and plumes.

By the way, coral is coming into style again, and the color will also be fashionable. There are several shades of coral, from pale pink to deep red, but there is a quantity about it which distinguishes it from any other red. It is very becoming to almost any lady, young or old.

I noticed among the new goods some mourning crepons and some with white brocaded figures for half mourning.

There has been very little half mourning worn for a long time, but it is coming into vogue again, and there are many new patterns in foulards and crepons, and some shot silks where black and manuve are mingled. Manuve is really an old lady's color, and nothing becomes one so well as a dress all manuve or manuve and black, with a little fine old lace, or, failing that, with a full kerchief of tulle or crepe lisse.

The importers show a wonderful list of heavy, coarse looking yellow laces, in imitation of old point de Venice, and tell us that that and point de gene, Brussels point and Irish point will simply smother the nicest fall and winter gowns. The old Flemish point is also closely imitated. Mrs. Frank Leslie has a flounce of real Venetian point nearly forty inches deep and it is certainly one of the finest pieces of that kind of lace in this country. How many years it must have taken some patient pair of hands to make no one knows.

LOVELY FALL GOWNS.

It is small satisfaction, however, to own so costly a piece of lace and know that your next door neighbor can have an imitation that would pass muster for a few dollars.

Among the new fall silks there are a number of handsome stripes in monochrome, and a large number where the stripes are formed of a floral pattern. Foulards are also woven in floral pattern, the pattern being stamped upon the threads that form the warp before the woof is woven in, which gives the flowers a vague and misty softness of outline that is most pleasing. A lovely visiting gown in this style of silk is illustrated here. The vine or stripe is made of successive violets and foliage on a fawn ground. The skirt is sheath shaped in front, with a princess back, with Watteau plait hanging from the neck. Around the bottom are three flat rows of moss green ribbon. The half belt is of moss green surah, as is also the vest plastron. Bertha frills of lace complete the gown. A pagoda hat, with violets and lace, is worn with the toilet.

I notice a return to thick camel's hair in light colors for dressy gowns for young ladies as well as for handsome toilets for elderly ones.

A pale gray blue camel's hair was made with a very slightly draped skirt, which opened over a panel of imitation point de Venice. The waist had a guimpe of the same and was gathered in front and back.

Ribbons of the exact shade were tastefully arranged in the corsage; hat of yellow straw lined with blue crape and trimmed with blue plumes and ribbon.

Striped and spotted winter fabrics are to be offered. It is rather hoped that stripes will have the preference.

I saw a hat yesterday that struck me for its daring novelty. The hat itself had a brim that was nearly twice too full for a brim, so it had to be doubled and twisted into nearly every conceivable flourish to bring it into the required dimensions. It was made of whole straw rush, green in color—and indeed all this family appears to wish to pass off for rushes—and there was no crown except a slight peak. Right in the center of this peak stood a bit of rough cherry branch, natural, and from that hung downward the clusters of leaves and luscious cherries. These bobbed about ridiculously with the wearer's movements, but the hat itself was not only becoming but pretty—such magic lies in a milliner's fingers.

Almost every style of ribbon is being worn now, even to gauze and velvet, and the more you can pile on the better.

Parasols for fall are very handsome. The handles are veritable works of art. There is little lace seen on the newest parasols and no chiffon.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

The following directions are good to make skeleton leaves: The leaves of elms, magnolias, poplars, sycamores, deutzias, pears, and maples may be selected to commence with, as they are the first to become fit for maceration; but none but the firmest leaves should be taken. The leaves are to be placed in open earthen or glass vessels, covered with rain water, and placed in a warm, sunny situation. In about two weeks they should be examined by taking out a few leaves and placing them in a basin of clear warm water; then immersing the hand in the water, take a leaf between the thumb and finger, and rub it gently but firmly; and if it is sufficiently macerated, the loose cellular matter will pass freely from the network, which will be exposed to view.

Those that are only partially softened should be thrown into a vessel of clear water, and allowed to macerate for some time longer; but care must be taken by frequent examination not to allow the leaves to remain in the macerating vessel after the epidermis can be readily removed, otherwise the net-work will be injured. This is an important point, as the net-work of many species is delicate, and the pulp is difficult to remove without tearing or injuring the network; it is advisable to use a soft tooth-brush or a poonah-brush. Placing the leaf on the palm of the hand or in a plate, gently brush away the pulp, keeping it continually moist. After the leaves are thoroughly cleansed they are to be dried by carefully pressing them between the folds of a soft towel; and then the skeletons may be laid away in a box to await the bleaching process, which may be done at any convenient time.

Care must be taken in the drying process not to press the leaves so firmly as to make them adhere to the towel, as it is almost impossible to remove them without tearing them. If any of the leaf-stems should separate or break from the leaves, they are to be preserved, as they can be fastened to the leaves as hereafter directed.

For bleaching: Take ¼ lb of chloride of lime, and dissolve it in one quart of water in an earthen or glass vessel; let it dissolve and precipitate; filter through filtering-paper, and bottle for use. Of this solution add one to nineteen spoonfuls, or one-twentieth part of whatever quantity may be needed to cover the leaves. Immerse the skeletons in this solution until they are perfectly white, using an earthen or glass jar, covering it and putting it in a warm place.

Leaves and seed vessels should not be put in the same jar, and the coarse skeletons should be kept separate from the more delicate ones. When taken from this solution, they are to be thoroughly cleansed by washing them several times in fresh water, then dry in the folds of a soft towel, and keep them between the leaves of a book until wanted for mounting. Some of the delicate ones are apt to curl in drying; in this case they may be dried between sheets of white blotting-paper. It is very important to have the washing thoroughly done; otherwise they are apt to become yellow, which destroys their beauty.

The whole process requires continual examination and delicate manipulation, as the different species of leaves vary much as to the time necessary for perfect maceration and bleaching; the first process requiring from two weeks to four months, according to the character of the leaves.

In mounting the design, the cushion upon which it rests should be of dark-colored velvet, but they always show better if mounted on a flat surface made of soft wood, upon which a piece of velvet has been glued; they should have a glass shade over them; or if on a flat surface they may be mounted in a recessed picture-frame, with glass over them.

Dissolve some white gum-arabic in water, so as to be quite thick; with this you can gum the stems that may have been separated from the leaves to them again; or if artificial stems are needed, stiffen some crochet of other coarse white sewing-thread with the gum-arabic, having artificial stems of different stoutness to suit the different kinds of leaves. The stems of the leaves are to be fastened to the velvet or to the framework of the design.

The most beautiful leaves for skeletonizing are those of the ivy, deutzia, begonia, wisteria, silver poplar, Chinese and swamp magnolias, maples, weeping-willow, linden, elm, pear, witch-hazel, and wild cherry. If seed-vessels, the pods of the teazle, thorn-apple, lobelia, mallow, wild cucumber, and campanula are all desirable; and to these should be added the dried flowers of the hydrangea to be gathered late in September, and the dried flowers of the lily-of-the-valley.

A suggestion for the disposition of old kid gloves is that they can be cut into bits and used for stuffing the ubiquitous cushion of the modern house comfortably. The bits should be quite fine, similar to the paper cuttings for the same purpose, from which idea doubtless the glove notion has been evolved.

White or light brocades may be cleaned with fine, dry bread crumbs, and plain white silks may be cleaned by shaking them about in a lather of white soap, rinsing in luke warm water and stretching over lines to dry rapidly.

White gowns of all kinds keep their color best by being tied up in bags of blue paper inside bags of Holland. The gauze or chiffon trimmings should be removed and kept separate in tissue paper.

Spots of grease in silk generally disappear if covered with magnesia or gently rubbed with water and the white of an egg.

Laces not in wear should be rinsed in clear water to take out the starch, dried in the sun and wrapped in dark blue paper.

All traces of mud spots should be removed from black goods by rubbing with a raw potato cut in half.

AT THE AUSTRIAN CAPITAL.—An exhibition for illustrating the culinary art was recently held in Vienna. The keepers of all the most renowned hotels and restaurants exercised their skill and powers of invention to please the eye as well as the palate, so that the jury, whose honorary president is Count Kinsky, the chief of the kitchen department at court, has some difficulty in making its awards. Says one onlooker: "One hotel disguises its game-pies, fish, and cakes in various shapes—a Roman emperor, Gothic buildings, Chinese towers and fortresses, Greek temples, and ships. A beefsteak is decorated with bull's heads—small masterpieces of plastic art. Pies show their contents by having heads of pheasants and grouse upon them. Two sucking-pigs dance on their hind legs on either side of a pie over which a fluttering hen seems to protect the eggs under her, which are already made into a savoury dish. A very remarkable object is a large wild boar, whose skeleton is exhibited side by side with it. Pheasants, peacocks, game of all kinds, are shown in their natural form, yet ready to be served. Beside these luxurious dishes are exhibited economical dinners. All the paraphernalia of kitchens, dining-rooms, cellars, are also exhibited, and among the mass of delicate objects crowds numbering over three thousand persons slowly move.